

SELECT COMEDIES

BY

R. B. SHERIDAN:

WITH

EXPLANATORY ITALIAN NOTES,

BY

JOHN MILLHOUSE,

AUTHOR OF THE NEW ENGLISH AND ITALIAN PRONOUNCING AND
EXPLANATORY DICTIONARY, DEL CORSO GRADUATO E COMPLETO
DI LINGUA INGLESE, ETC. ETC.

SECOND MILAN EDITION.

1 FRANC.

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Millhouse; — ROME, Gallarini; — NAPLES, Marghierì;
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lano, 15 Nov., 1851.

TIP. LOMBARDI.

Setto I Torchì: — L'ottava edizione della *Grammatica analitica*, la settima edizione del *Primo Passo all'Inglese*, ed il nuovo *English and Italian Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



MEN.

PETER TEAZLE. An old gentleman with a young wife.

OLIVER SURFACE. A Nabob (1) and uncle to *Charles* and *Joseph*.

JOSEPH SURFACE. A sentimental hypocrite.

CHARLES SURFACE. A gay but generous fellow.

ABTREE. A cynical male gossip (2).

BENJAMIN BACKBITE. His nephew, a writer of lampoons (3).

DOWLEY. An old servant of the *Surface* family.

MOSES. A Jew.

TRIP. Servant to *Charles*.

SLAKE. A notorious character.

WARELESS. { Two bottle companions of
SIR HARRY BUMPER. } *Charles*.

WOMEN.

LADY TEAZLE. Daughter of a country squire (4), married to Sir *Peter*.

MARIA. Sir Peter's ward (5), in love with (6) and beloved by (7) *Charles*.

LADY SNEERWELL. A scandal-loving widow (8).

MRS. CANDOUR. A malicious and affected woman.

(1) Nabob (principe indiano), riccone che ha fatto fortuna nelle Indie Orientali. (2) Gossip, compare, ciarlone, facendone. (3) Lampoons, pasquinate. (4) Signorotto. (5) Pupilla. (6) In love with, amante di, invaghita di. (7) Beloved y, riamata da. (8) Vedova che ama la maldicenza.

AVVERTENZA. — *If the English Student has not yet learned the list of Abbreviations at the end of my Grammar, it is indispensable that he commit the whole of it to memory before he begins the reading of these Comedies.*

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (1).

ACT I. SCENE I. — *Lady Sneerwell's (2) House.*
LADY SNEERWELL discovered at the dressing-table (3).
SNAKE drinking (4) chocolate.

Lady Sneer. The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted (5)?

Snake. They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand (6), there can be no suspicion whence they came.

(1) (Scandalo), maldicenza. (2) Sneerwell, da *to sneer* sghignare, ghibnare. (3) Discovered at the dressing-table, si vede alla sua toeletta. (4) (Il sig.) Serpente beve. (5) *In the journal or newspaper*, sottinteso. (6) (Finta mano) carattere contraffatto.

Lady Sneer. Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's (1) intrigue with Captain Boastall (2)?

Snake. That's (3) in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears (4) within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

Lady Sneer. Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

Snake. True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day (5). To my knowledge she has been the cause of six matches being broken off (6), and three sons being disinherited (7); of four forcedelopements (8), as many close confinements (9), nine separate maintenances (10), and two divorces. Nay (11) I have more than once traced her causing a tête-à-tête (12) in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

Lady Sneer. She certainly has talents, but her manners gross.

Snake. 'Tis very true. — She generally designs well, has a free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines (13) often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint and mellowness (14) of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

Lady Sneer. Ah! You are partial, Snake.

Snake. Not in the least — every body allows (15) that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look

(1) Fragile. (2) Millantatore, gascone, mazzasette. (3) Vedasi *Avvertenza*. (4) Reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears, giungere alle orecchia della signora Cicalatrice. (5) Giorno, tempo. (6) Fece rompere, mandò all'aria sel matrimoni già conchiusi. (7) Fece liseredare tre figli di famiglia. (8) Ratti. (9) Incarcerazioni, prigioni (cioè nella casa del marito). (10) Separazioni di beni. (11) Anzi. (12) *To be published*, sottinteso. (13) Schizzi, abbozzi. (14) Morbidezza, pastosità, soavità, naturalezza. (15) Tutti si accordano a dire.

than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it (1).

Lady Sneer. Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap (2) from the success of my efforts. (*They rise*). Wounded myself in the early part of my life by the envenomed tongue of slander (3), I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

Snake. Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess (4) your motives.

Lady Sneer. I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

Snake. I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of — the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character; the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship's, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly (5) beloved by her. Now, on the face of (6) these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable (7) to me why you, the widow of a city knight (8), with a good jointure (9), should not close with (10) the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should

(1) To support the falsehood, the calumny. (2) Colgo. (3) bella calunnia. (4) I am at a loss to guess, non so indovinare. (5) Manifestamente. (6) On the face of, vedute. (7) Inesplicabile. (8) Un cavaliere (baronetto) della città di Londra. (9) Pensione, assegnamento. (10) To close with, gradire, accettare.

be so uncommonly earnest (4) to destroy 'the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

Lady Sneer. Then at once to unravel (2) this mystery, must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse (3) between Mr. Surface and me.

Snake. No!

Lady Sneer. His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

Snake. Yet still I am more puzzled (4) why you should interest yourself in his success.

Lady Sneer. Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise (5) the weakness which I hitherto, through shame (6), have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing?

Snake. Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

Lady Sneer. For our mutual interest. I have found him out (7) a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious — in short, a sentimental rascal (8): while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

Snake. Yes; yet Sir Peter vows (9) he has not his equal in England — and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

Lady Sneer. True — and with the assistance of his sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely

(1) Premurosa, desiosa, avida, accanita. (2) Spiegare.
 (3) Corrispondenza, rapporti, relazioni. (4) Imbarazzato, interrogliato. (5) Travedere, sospettare, (6) Per vergogna. (7) Scoperto. (8) Birbante, furfante, (9) Giura, assicura.

into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though, I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes (1).

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Surface.

Lady Sneer. Show him up (2). (*Exit Servant.*) He generally calls (3) about this time. I don't wonder at (4) people giving him to me for a lover.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Jos. Surf. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to-day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

Lady Sneer. Snake has just been rallying (5) me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us, and, believe me, the confidence is not ill placed.

Jos. Surf. Madam, it is impossible for me to suspect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and discernment.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, no compliments now; but tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria — or, what is more material (6) to me, your brother.

Jos. Surf. I have not seen either since I left you; but I can inform you that they never meet. Some of your stories have taken good effect on Maria.

Lady Sneer. Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of this belongs to you: but do your brother's distresses (7) increase?

Jos. Surf. Every hour. I am told he has had another execution (8) in the house yesterday. In short, his dissipation and extravagance exceed any thing I have ever heard of.

Lady Sneer. Poor Charles!

Jos. Surf. True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. (9) Poor Charles! I'm

(1) Disegni, progetti. (2) Fatelo salire, (entrare) (3) Ci passa, ci viene. (4) Non stupisco che. (5) Burlare. (6) importante. (7) Disgrazie, strettezze. (8) Sequestro. (9) Non si può a meno di compatirlo, compiangerlo.

sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves —

Lady Sneer. O lud! (1) you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

Jos. Surf. Egad (2), that's true! — I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter; — however, it is certainly a charity to rescue (3) Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

Snake. I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming: I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. — Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

Jos. Surf. (*Crossing to Snake.*) Sir, your very devoted. (*Exit Snake.*) Lady Sneerwell, I am very sorry you have put any farther confidence in that fellow.

Lady Sneer. Why so?

Jos. Surf. I have lately detected (4) him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward (5), and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

Lady Sneer. And do you think he would betray us?

Jos. Surf. Nothing more likely! (6) — take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany. — Ah! Maria!

Enter MARIA.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, how do you do? — What's the matter? (7)

Maria. Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite (8), has just called at my guar-

(1) Lud in vece di Lord non si dice più. (2) Egad, per by God, (3) Salvare. (4) Scoperto, trovato. (5) Fattore, (6) Probabile, verisimile. (7) Che v'è seguito? (8) Il signor cav. Calunniatore, da back il dorso, e bite, mordere, to backbite one, parlare di uno dietro alle spalle.

dian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree (1); so I slipt out (2), and ran hither (3) to avoid them.

Lady Sneer. Is that all?

Jos. Surf. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady Sneer. Nay now you are severe; for I dare swear (4) the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. — But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh! he has done nothing — but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Jos. Surf. Ay (5), and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him — for he'll abuse (6) a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad (7).

Lady Sneer. Nay, but we should make allowance (8); — Sir Benjamin is a wit (9) and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own (10), madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface? (*Crosses to him.*)

Jos. Surf. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest (11) which plants a thorn (12) in another's breast, is to become a principal (13) in the mischief.

Lady Sneer. Pshaw! (14) there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing (15) is the barb (16) that makes it stick (17) — What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Jos. Surf. To be sure (18), madam; that conversation,

(1) Suo zio *Acerbo*: (crab-tree, melo salvatico). (2) Sguizzai, svignai fuori. (3) Qua, qui. (4) Dare swear, oso giurare (*che*). (5) Ay, già, sì. (6) For he will abuse, giacchè egli sparlerà di. (7) Is as bad (as he). (8) Allowance, indulgenza, compatimento. (9) A wit, un bello spirito. (10) To own, confessare, concedere, (possedere). (11) Molteggio. (12) Spina. (13) Actor or accomplice *sollinteso*. (14) Oibò! (15) Motto arguto. (16) Barba, barbetta, barbicina; punta (spalla) di freccia o di amo. (17) Che lo fa barbicare, radicare, penetrare, mordere. (18) Certo, sicuro, certamente.

re the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever be tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable (1); but in a man, I am sure, it is always temptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a hundred little motives to depreciate each other; but a male slanderer (2) must have the cowardice (3) to show his face to a woman before he can traduce (4) one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's (5) at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady Sneer. Beg her to walk in (6). — (*Exit* (7) *Servant*.) Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative (8), every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes, — with a very gross (9) affectation of nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Lady Surf. I faith (10) that's true, Lady Sneerwell; ever I hear the current (11) running against the interests of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady Sneer. Hush (12)! — here she is! —

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. Cand. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear — though indeed it is no matter (13), for I never hear one hears nothing else (14) but scandal.

Surf. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Cand. (*Crosses to Maria.*) Oh! Maria! child, what! is the whole affair off (15) between you and me? — His extravagance (16), I presume — the talk of nothing else.

romessa, lecita. (2) *Maldicente, calunniatore.* (3) *Copusillanimità.* (4) *Denigrare, calunniare.* (5) *Lady-*
(6) *To walk in, entrare, restar servita.* (7) *Exit,*
(*latino*) *esce, escono.* (8) *Ciarliera.* (9) *Gross, meglio,*
(10) *In faith, by my faith.* (11) *Of conversation, of*
(12) *Zitto.* (13) *Non importa.* (14) *Altro.* (15) *Finito.*
(16) *Avaganza, prodigalità.*

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. Cand. True, true, child: but there's no (1) stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt (2) to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed (3) lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so (4).

Mrs. Cand. Very true, child: — but what's to be done? — People will talk — there's no preventing it. Why, (5) it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped (6) with Sir Filigree Flirt. (7) But, Lord! there's no minding (8) what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. Cand. So they are, child — shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. — Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim (9), of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York Mail (10) with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't, there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. Cand. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; — though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up (11).

Jos. Surf. The licence of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

(1) *Dopo no si tace* means o possibility of. (2) Ferita, lesa, mi rincresceva. (3) Non vanno d'accordo. (4) *Immischiarsi così* in other people's affairs. (5) (Perchè). ma. (6) *Madamigella Girovaga* era fuggita. (7) il Cav. Filigrana Vagheggino. (8) Non bisogna fare attenzione a. (9) La signorina spregiosa, preziosa. (10) Mentre ella montava nell'erariale di York. (11) Schiarito, spiegato.

so, — but, in my opinion, those who
ings are equally culpable.

. To be sure they are, tale bearers (1)
s tale-makers — 'tis an old observation,
true one: but what's to be done, as I said
' will you prevent people from talking?
s. Clackitt (2) assured me, Mr. and Mrs.
(3) were at last become mere man and
the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise
hat a certain widow, in the next street, had
her dropsy (5) and recovered her shape (6)
surprising manner. And at the same time,
le (7), who was by (8), affirmed that Lord
ad discovered his lady at a house of no ex-
ry fame; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom
(9) were to measure swords on a similar pro-
. — But, Lord, do you think I would report
ings? — No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before,
t as bad as tale-makers.

Surf. Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had
orbearance (10) and good-nature!

Cand. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to
people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly
stances come out (11) against our acquaintance, I
I always love to think the best. (*Lady Sneer-
and Maria retire a little up.*) By the by I hope
not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

os. Surf. I am afraid his circumstances are very
indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. Cand. Ah! I heard so — but you must tell him
keep up his spirits (12); every body almost is in the
me way — Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint and Mr.
ckit — all up (13), I hear within this week; so if

(1) I raportatori, i propagatori delle calunnie. (2) La si-
nora cicalatrice. (3) Luna di miele. (4) Insinuò, intimò.
) Si era sbrigata (*guarita*) di sua idropisia. (6) Forma, ta-
lla, figura. (7) Clancila. (8) By, tedesco *bei*, presente (vicino).
) Balloccone. (10) Tolleranza, pazienza, lunganimità.
(11) Brutte circostanze sono divulgate. (12) Farsi coraggio.
(13) Up, done up, (un-done) rovinati.

Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too, and that, you know, is a consolation.

Jos. Surf. Doubtless, ma'am — a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. (*Ex. Ser.*)

Lady Sneer. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you sha'n't escape.

Enter CRABTREE, and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crab. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand (1) — (*Crosses* (2) *to Mrs. Candour.*) — Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with (3) my nephew Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benj. O fie (4), uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad, it's true; I'll back him (5) at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. — Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on lady Frizzle's feather (6) catching fire (7)? — Do, Benjamin, repeat it; or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now; — your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and —

Sir Benj. Uncle, now — pr'ythee — (8).

Crab. I'faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

Lady Sneer. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir Benj. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons (9) on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. (*Crosses to Maria.*) However,

(1) Vi bacio la mano. (2) Passa, traversa. (3) Non conoscete, credo. (4) Per vergogna. (5) Lo spalleggerò, scommetterò per lui. (6) Il piumino della contessa Ricciolo. (7) Al quale s'appiccò il fuoco. (8) Prythee (*pray-thee*, ti prego) è antiquato; adesso si dice, *pray*, (vi) prego. (9) Pasquinate.

I have some love elegies, which, when (1) favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

Crab. 'Fore heaven (2), ma'am, they'll immortalise you! — you will be handed down (3) to posterity like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir Benj. Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow (4) of margin — 'Fore Gad they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. (*Crossing to Mrs. Candour.*) But ladies, that's true (5) — have you heard the news?

Mrs. Cand. What, sir, do you mean (6) the report of—

Crab. No, ma'am that's not it — Miss Nicely (7) is going to be married to her own footman (8).

Mrs. Cand. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. 'Tis very true, ma'am; every thing is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke (9).

Crab. Yes — and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

Lady Sneer. Why I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. Cand. It can't be, and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir Benj. O lud! (10) ma'am that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that every body was sure there was some reason for it at bottom (11).

Mrs. Cand. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest con-

(1) *I shall be, sottinteso.* (2) Fore heaven. *invece di, before Heaven (I swear).* (3) Mandata giù, trasmessa. (4) Prato, prateria, estensione. (5) (Quello è vero), a proposito, di volo, di passaggio. (6) Intendete, volete dire: (7) Schizzinosa, schifilosa, spregiosa. (8) Staffiere, cameriere. (9) Comandate, ordinate. (10) *Lud* in vece di *Lord* è ormai antiquato. (11) Fondo.

stitutions. But there is a sort of puny (1), sickly reputation, that is always ailing (2), yet will outlive (3) the robust characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir Benj. True, madam, — there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution: who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air; and supply their want of stamina (4) by care and circumspection.

Mrs. Cand. Well, but this may be all a mistake; you know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. — Did you ever hear how Miss Piper (5) came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge? — Sir Benjamin, you remember it?

Sir Benj. Oh, to be sure! the most whimsical (6) circumstance.

Lady Sneer. How was it, pray?

Crab. Why, one evening, at Mrs. Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding (7) Nova Scotia sheep (8) in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances (9) of it — for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins (10). — What! cries the lady dowager Dundizzy (11) (who you know is as deaf as a post (12)), has Miss Piper had twins? — This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit (13) of laughter. However, 'twas the next day every where reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually (14) been brought to bed (15) of a fine boy and a girl; and in less than a week there were some people

(1) Infermiccio, sparutella. (2) Indisposta, incomodata. (3) Sopravvivere. (4) Robustezza. (5) Zampognatrice. (6) Strana, bizzarra. (7) L'allevare, il modo di allevare. (8) Pecore. (9) Esempi. (10) Gemelli. (11) Balorda, stordita. (12) Sorda come un palo (fitto in terra). (13) Scroscio, (parossismo). (14) Effettivamente, di fatti. (15) (Portata a letto) sgravata.

who could name the father, and the farm-house (1) where the babies (2) were put to nurse (3).

Lady Snee. Strange, indeed!

Crab. Matter of fact, I assure you. — (*Crosses to Surface.*) — O lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Jos. Surf. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? — Sad comfort whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on! (4)

Jos. Surf. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people (5) have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir Benj. To be sure he may: for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say: and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews (6).

Crab. That's true, egad, nephew. If the Old Jewry (7) was a ward (8), I believe Charles would be an alderman (9): — no man more popular there, 'fore Gad! I hear he pays as many annuities (10) as the Irish tontine: and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir Benj. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends he will sit down to dinner, with a dozen of his own securities (11), have a score of tradesmen waiting (12) in the ante-chamber, and an officer (13) behind every guest's chair.

Jos. Surf. This may be entertainment to you, gen-

(1) Cascina, casa di campagna, masseria. (2) Bimbi. (3) A balia. (4) (È andato avanti) si è comportato. (5) Faccendoni. (6) *There is no one of whom the Jews speak more favorably.* (7) Ghetto. (8) One of the twelve municipal sections into which the city of London is divided. (9) Would be (elected) an Alderman, sarebbe nominato il primo magistrato. (10) Vitalizzi. (11) Malleadori, sicurtà. (12) Artigiani che aspettano co' loro conti. (13) Officer of justice; birro.

tle men, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria. Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well,
(*Exit Maria.*)

Mrs. Cand. O dear! she changes colour (1) very much.

Lady Sneer. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her; she may want your assistance.

Mrs. Cand. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be!
(*Exit Mrs. Candour.*)

Lady Sneer. 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on (2), notwithstanding their difference.

Sir Benj. The young lady's *penchant* is obvious.

Crab. But, Benjamin, you must not give up (3) the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into a good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

Sir Benj. Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't your brother is utterly (4) undone!

Crab. O lud, aye! undone as ever man was. — Can't raise (5) a guinea!

Sir Benj. And every thing sold, I'm told, that was movable. —

Crab. I have seen one that was at his house. — Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked (6), and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscots. (7) —

Sir Benj. And I'm very sorry also to hear some bad stories against him.
(*Going.*)

Crab. Oh! he has done many mean (8) things, that's certain.

(1) To change colour, arrossire ed impallidire vicendevolmente. (2) Calunniato. (3) Abbandonare. (4) Totalmente, del tutto. (5) (Levare) trovar chi voglia prestargli. (6) Non vedute, dimenticate o sprezzate dai creditori. (7) Incastrati negli intavolati, nelle pareti. (8) Basse.

Sir Benj. But however, as he is your brother. —

Crab. We'll tell you all another opportunity. (*Going.*

(Exeunt Crabtree and Sir Benjamin.)

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down (1).

Jos. Surf. And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

Lady Sneer. I doubt her affections are further engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot (2) mischief, and you shall study sentiment. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *Sir Peter's House.* — *Enter SIR PETER.*

Sir P. Teaz. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men — and I have been the most miserable dog ever since. We tiffed (3) a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells (4) had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon (5), and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose (6) with caution — a girl bred wholly (7) in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown (8), nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball (9). Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies (10) of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush (11) or a grass-plot (12) out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at (13) by all my

(1) Esaurito, spacciato, volto per ogni verso. (2) Macchinare, tramare. (3) Altercammo. (4) The marriage bells. (5) Soffocato dal fiele durante la luna di miele. (6) Scelsi, feci la scelta. (7) Allevata interamente. (8) Oltre una veste di seta. (9) Race-ball, ballo che si dà in una città di provincia nella settimana delle corse di cavalli. (10) Sclocchezze, frascherie. (11) (Buscione) cespuglio, arbusto, rovetto. (12) Verdura. — In most of the squares (piazze) of London there is a garden enclosed with iron grating. (13) Belfato, schernito.

acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. (1) She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you (2), sir?

Sir P. Teaz. Very bad, master Rowley, very bad. I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

Rowley. What can have happened since yesterday?

Sir P. Teaz. A good question to a married man! (3)

Rowley. Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

Sir P. Teaz. Why, has any body told you she was dead?

Rowley. Come, come, Sir Peter, you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

Sir P. Teaz. But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley. I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir P. Teaz. Ay! and, what is very extraordinary, in our disputes she is always in the wrong (4). But Lady Sneerwell, and the set (5) she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward (6), whom I ought to have the power of a father over (7), is determined to turn rebel too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband; meaning, I suppose, to bestow (8) herself on his profligate (9) brother.

Rowley. You know, sir, I have always taken the

(1) I giornalisti si divertono alle mie spalle. (2) Formola volgare per, *how do you do?* (3) Che bella domanda ad un ammogliato! (4) Ha sempre torto. (5) Ciurmaglia, frotta. (6) Pupilla. (7) Or over whom I ought to have the power of a father. (8) Donare, regalare. (9) Libertino, discolo, prodigo.

liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may not be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my (1) life on't! he will retrieve (2) his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark (3); yet when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

Sir P. Teaz. You are wrong, Master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to (4) the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent (5), he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty (6) has been misapplied.

Rowley. I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

Sir P. Teaz. What! let me hear.

Rowley. Sir Oliver *is* arrived, and at this moment in town.

Sir P. Teaz. How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

Rowley. I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

Sir P. Teaz. Egad, I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. — We have

(1) innanzi a *my* si tace *I gage*, io impegno, o *I bet*, io scommetto. (2) Riparerà, si correggerà di. (3) (Scintilla), scapestrato. (4) Conforme a, secondo. (5) Nascita, eredità. (6) Munificenza, largizione.

had many a day (1) together: but does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival? ! -

Rowley. Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

Sir P. Teaz. Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits — however, he shall have his way (2): but, pray, does he know I am married?

Rowley. Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

Sir P. Teaz. What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at (3) matrimony together: but he has been steady (4) to his text (5). Well, he must be at my house, though! — I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop (6) a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

Rowley. By no means.

Sir P. Teaz. For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes (7); so I'd have him think (8), Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

Rowley. I understand you: — but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

Sir P. Teaz. Egad, and so we must — and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves — no — the crime carries its punishment along with it (9).

(Exeunt Rowley and Sir Peter.)

ACT II. SCENE I. — *Sir Peter's House.*

Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER.

Sir P. Teaz. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own

(1) Joyous day. (2) Egli farà a modo suo. (3) Farci beffa di. (4) Fermo, costante. (5) Testo, parola, proponimento. (6) Lasciar cadere, lasciar sfuggire. (7) Non potrei mai sopportare i motteggi di Noll. (diminutivo di Oliver). (8) Vorrei ch'egli credesse, vorrei dargli ad intendere. (9) Il delitto va accompagnato dal punimento: il castigo viene da sè.

very thing; and what's more, I will too. Though I was educated in the country, I know that women of fashion in London are accustomed (1) to nobody after they are married.

Teaz. Very well, ma'am, very well: — so I am to have no influence, no authority?

Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure: — if you want authority over me, you should have adopted me, and married me: I am sure you were old enough (2).

Teaz. Old enough! — ay — there it is. Well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your caprice.

Teaz. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

P. Teaz. No, no, madam, you shall throw away great sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! (3) to do as much to furnish your dressing-room with in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse (4), and give a fête champêtre at Versailles.

My Teaz. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because I am dressed in furs in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I wish it was spring all the year round, and roses grew under our feet!

P. Teaz. Oons! (5) madam — if you had been content to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus: but forget what your situation was when I married you.

My Teaz. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable situation or I should never have married you.

P. Teaz. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in a very humble style; — the daughter of a plain country squire (6). Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw

Obbligate a render conto. (2) To adopt me, to be my son, *sollinteso*. (3) 'Slife, contrazione di Gad's life. (4) Stufa, stufa per le piante. (5) Oons! e Zounds! (Cancherò)! sono contrazione di Wounds e Gad's wounds (6) Possedente di terra.

you first sitting at your tambour (1), in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys (2) at your side; your hair combed (3) smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted (4), of your own working.

Lady Teaz. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. — My daily occupation to inspect the dairy (5), superintend the poultry (6), make extracts from the family receipt book (7), — and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles which I had not materials to make up (8); to play boston with the Curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck (9) down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep (10) after a foxchase.

Sir P. Teaz. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from (11); but now you must have your coach — vis-à-vis — and three powdered footmen before your chair (12); and, in the summer, a pair of white cats (13) to draw you to Kensington-gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler (14), on a dock'd coach horse (15).

Lady Teaz. No — I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. Teaz. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman

(1) Tamburo, telaio da ricamatore. (2) Fascio, mazzo di chiavi. (3) Pettinati. (4) Ornato tutto intorno di frutti in lana filata. (5) Locale dove si conserva il latte, il butirro, ecc. (6) Pollame. (7) Farmacopea di famiglia, libro di ricette semplici. (8) Disegnare modelli di manichini, gorgierette (colerettes), ecc., che io non poteva terminare per mancanza di materie. (9) Inchiodata. (10) Strimpellare per far dormire padre. (11) Meglio, from which I took you. (12) Sedila portatile, portantina. (13) (Ponies) cavallucci bianchi. (14) Dietro il credenziero in groppa. (15) Un cavallo da carrozza sciolato.

of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, — and there is but one thing more you can make me to add (1) to the obligation, and that is —

Sir P. Teaz. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. Hem! hem!

Sir P. Teaz. I thank you, madam — but don't flatter yourself (2); for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teaz. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself disagreeable to me, and thwart (3) me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. Teaz. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. Teaz. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought (4) a woman of taste (5).

Sir P. Teaz. Ay — there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle (6), I presume I may go to my engagement (7) at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, there's another precious circumstance; a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady Teaz. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance (8); for they don't choose (9)

(1) Per porre il colmo. (2) With such a hope sottinteso. (3) Contrariare, opporvi a. (4) To have your wife thought, che la vostra moglie venisse stimata. (5) Buon gusto. (6) Contesa, rissa. (7) (Impegno). convegno, appuntamento. (8) With a vengeance, daddovero, oltremodo. (9) Non vogliono che.

any body should have a character but themselves! — Such a crew! (1) Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle (2), who has done less mischief than these utterers (3) of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clip-pers of (4) reputation.

Lady Teaz. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech? (5)

Sir P. Teaz. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teaz. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Teaz. Grace, indeed!

Lady Teaz. But I vow (6) I bear no malice against the people I abuse. — When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of (7) pure good humour; and I take it for granted (8) they deal (9) exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after (10) my own character.

Lady Teaz. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good bye to ye (11).

(Exit Lady Teazle.)

Sir P. Teaz. So — I have gain'd much by my intended expostulation (12); yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she

(1) Frotta, ciurma. (2) Quanti sciagurati sono stati portati (sopra un graticcio) al supplizio. (3) Spacciatori, divulgatori. (4) Coniatori di calunnie e tosatori di. (5) Ristringere, reprimere la libertà della parola? (6) I vow (meglio *I assure you*) vi accerto, vi giuro. (7) (Fuori di), per. (8) Concesso, inteso (9) Trattano. (10) Verrò un momento per vedere, per dare un'occhiata allo stato della mia riputazione. (11) A good bye, augurio di commiato (non d'accoglienza), non si aggiunge *to ye* o *to you* se non nello stile affatto famigliare. (12) Lagnanze, spiegazioni.

never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing in her power to plague (1) me. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. — *Lady Sneerwell's House. — Company sitting at the back of the stage at Card Tables.*

LADY SNEERWEL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, discovered; Servants attending with Tea, etc.

Lady Sneer. Nay, positively, we will hear it.

Jos. Surf. Yes, yes, the epigram, by all means.

Sir Benj. O plague on't uncle! 'tis mere nonsense.

Crab. No, no; 'fore Gad, very clever (2) for an extempore!

Sir Benj. But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curricule was taking the dust (3) in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book (4), and in one moment produced the following:

Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;
Other horses are clowns (5), but these macaronies (6):
'To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,
Their legs are so slim (7) and their tails are so long.

Crab. There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip (8), and on horseback too.

Jos. Surf. A very Phœbus mounted, indeed, Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benj. O dear, sir! trifles—trifles.

Enter MARIA and LADY TEAZLE.

Mrs. Cand. I must have a copy.

Lady Sneer. Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

Lady Teaz. I believe he'll wait on (9) your ladyship presently.

Lady Sneer. Maria, my dear, you look (10) grave.

(1) Seccarmi, crucciarmi, (dal s. plague, la pesta). (2) Spiritoso (abile, destro). (3) Dust invece di air. (4) Taccuino. (5) Rustici, villani. (6) Macaronies è antiquato: adesso si direbbe *Exquisites*, *Fashionables* or *Lions*. (7) Smilze, sottili. (8) (In un momento), in un colpo di frusta. (9) Si porterà da. (10) To look, (guardare) parere, sembrare.

Come, you shall sit down (1) to piquet with Mr. Surface.

Maria. I take very little pleasure in cards — however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

(Retires up centre with Lady Sneerwell and Surface.

Lady Teaz. I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. (Aside.

Mrs. Cand. (They all advance.) Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear (2) your society.

Lady Teaz. What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

Mrs. Cand. They'll not allow our friend Miss Vermillion to be handsome (3).

Lady Sneer. O, surely, she is a pretty (4) woman.

Crab. I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

Mrs. Cand. She has a charming fresh colour.

Lady Teaz. Yes, when it is fresh (5) put on.

Mrs. Cand. O fie! I'll swear her colour is natural; I have seen it come and go (7).

Lady Teaz. I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off (8) at night, and comes again in the morning.

Mrs. Cand. Ha! ha! ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely now, her sister *is*, or *was*, very handsome.

Crab. Who? Mrs. Evergreen (9)? O Lord! she's (10) six and fifty if she's an hour.

Mrs. Cand. Now positively you wrong her (11): fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost (12), and I don't think she looks more.

Sir Benj. Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

Lady Sneer. Well, well, if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages (13) of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and

(1) Sedere, accomodarvi. (2) Rinuncierò a. (3) Bella. (4) Bellina. (5) Fresh per freshly, di fresco. (6) Voglio giurare. (7) Cambiare, venire ed andarsene. (8) Va via, se ne va. (9) Madama Sempre verde. (10) She is, ella ha. (11) Le fate torto. (12) Al più. (13) Guastl, dannl.

rely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Oclire chalks her wrinkles (1).

Sir Benj. Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints (2) ill — but when she has finished her face, she joins on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's (3) antique.

Crab. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, nephew!

(*Servants give the Characters coffee, etc. and wait behind.* (4))

Mrs. Cand. Ha! ha! ha! Well, you make me laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper? (5)

Sir Benj. Why she has very pretty teeth. (6)

Lady Teaz. Yes, and on that account (7), when she is neither speaking nor laughing (which very seldom happens), she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar (8), as it were (9), thus. (*Shows her teeth.*)

Mrs. Cand. How can you be so ill-natured?

Lady Teaz. Nay I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor's box (10), and all her words appear to slide out edgewise (11), as it were, — thus — *How do you do madam?* Yes, madam. (*Mimics.*)

Lady Sneer. Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

Lady Teaz. In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantries (12).

(*Crosses to Sir Benjamin.*)

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir P. Teaz. Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here's the whole set! a character dead (13) at every word, I suppose. (*Aside.*)

(1) La vedova Oclra mastica le sue grinze. (2) S'imbellella. (3) Torso è. (4) Attendono, aspettano. (5) Risolino. (6) Denti. (7) Quindi, perciò. (8) A mezzo aperta. (9) Per così dire. (10) Salvadanaro. (11) Sguizzar fuori (uscire) di fianco. (12) Per guastar il nostro divertimento, i nostri scherzi. (13) (Falls) dead, (cade) morto.

Mrs. Cand. I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious — they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

Sir P. Teaz. That must be very distressing (1) to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

Mrs. Cand. Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Pursy (2).

Lady Teaz. What, the fat dowager (3) who was at Mrs. Quadrille's, last night?

Mrs. Cand. Nay, but her bulk (4) is her misfortune: and when she takes such pains to get rid of it (5); you ought not to reflect on her.

Lady Sneer. That's very true, indeed.

Lady Teaz. Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey (6); laces (7) herself by pulleys (8), and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat (9) poney, with her hair plaited up (10) behind like a drummer's, and puffing (11) round the Ring (12) on a full trot.

Mrs. Cand. I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, a good defence, truly!

Mrs. Cand. But, Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow (13).

Crab. Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious — an awkward gawky (14), without any one good point (15) under heaven.

Mrs. Cand. Positively, you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages (16) who tries to pass for a girl at six and thirty (17).

(1) Penoso. (2) Paffuta. (3) Vedova che gode dei beni assegnatile dal marito. (4) Mole, massa. (5) Disfarsene. (6) Lat-ticina. (7) Si allaccia. (8) Carrucole. (9) Alle gambe corte. (10) Increspate, intrecciati. (11) Sbuffando. (12) (Anello) corso circolare in Hyde Park. (13) Smorta, sbiancata. (14) Una goffa sguaiatella. (15) Point, dicesi più propriamente de' cavalli che delle persone. (16) Ha molte difficoltà a vincere, riesce difficilmente. (17) Who at the age of 36 endeavours to pass for a girl.

Lady Snæer. Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candle-light, it is not to be wondered at (1).

Mrs. Cand. True, and then as to (2) her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner (3), and her father a sugar-baker (4) at Bristol.

Sir Benj. Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, damned good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! (Aside.

Sir Benj. And Mrs. Candour is of so moral a turn.

Mrs. Cand. Well, I will never join in ridiculing a friend; and so I constantly tell my cousin Ogle (5); and you all know what pretensions she has to be critical on beauty.

Crab. O to be sure! she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

Sir Benj. So she has, indeed — an Irish front —

Crab. Caledonian locks — (6)

Sir Benj. Dutch nose — (7)

Crab. Austrian lips — (8)

Sir Benj. Complexion (9) of a Spaniard —

Crab. And teeth *à la Chinoise* (10).

Sir Benj. In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at (11) Spa where no two guests (12) are of a nation. —

Crab. Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein (13) all the members, even to (14) her eyes; appear to have a different (15) interest, and her nose and chin (16) are the only parties likely to join issue (17).

Mrs. Cand. Ha! ha! ha!

(1) Non bisogna meravigliarsene. (2) Quanto a. (3) Modista del paese di Galles. (4) Raffinatore. (5) Vagheggina, Leziosa. (6) Ricci scozzesi. (7) Naso olandese. (8) Labbra austriache. (9) Carnagione. (10) *Alla cinese*, neri. (11) The baths of Spa. (12) Convitati, commensali. (13) In cui. (14) Per fino. (15) Diverso, contrario, opposto. (16) Mento. (17) Disposti ad avvicinarsi l'un a l'altro.

Sir P. Teaz. Mercy on my life! — a person they dine with twice a week. (*Aside.*

Mrs. Cand. Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so (1) — for, give me leave to say that Mrs. Ogle —

Sir P. Teaz. (*Crosses to Mrs. Candour.*) Madam, madam, I beg your pardon — there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that the lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine. I hope you'll not take her part.

(*Mrs. Candour turns up the stage.*

Lady Sneer. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Sir Peter! but you are a cruel creature, — too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

Sir P. Teaz. Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied (2) to good-nature than your ladyship is aware of (3).

Lady Teaz. True, Sir Peter: I believe they are so near akin (4) that they can never be united.

Sir Benj. Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

Lady Teaz. But sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down (5) by parliament.

Sir P. Teaz. 'Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as poaching on manors (6), and pass an act for the preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill (7).

Lady Sneer. O lud! Sir Peter: would you deprive us of our privileges?

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down (8)

(1) *Triumphantly sottinteso.* (2) *Alleato, congiunto.* (3) *Crede, pensa.* (4) *Congiunti tanto prossimi.* (5) *Vorrebbe farla reprimere.* (6) *Il cacciare furtivamente nelle altrui terre.* (7) *Bill, proposta di legge.* (8) *To run down a hare, cacciare una lepre co' cani fino a che essa cada dalla stanchezza, e venga da essi uccisa; fig., distruggere, rovinare.*

reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

Lady Sneer. Go, you monster!

Mrs. Cand. But, surely, you would not be quite so severe upon those who only report what they hear?

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them (1) too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on (2) any of the indorsers.

(Servant enters and whispers Sir Peter.)

Crab. Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

Lady Sneer. Come, ladies, shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

Sir P. Teaz. (To the Servant.) I'll be with them directly. — I'll get (544) away unperceived. *(A part.)*

(Exit Servant.)

Lady Sneer. Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us?

Sir P. Teaz. Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. *(Exit Sir Peter.)*

Sir Benj. Well — certainly, Lady, Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

Lady Teaz. O, pray don't mind that; — why don't you? — come, do let's hear them.

(Joins the rest of the company going into the next room. Surface and Maria advance.)

Jos. Surf. Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

Maria. How is it possible I should? — If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of

(1) *Commerciare per essi pure. trattare essi come tratti i negozianti, che tirano, accettano ed indossano le cambiali.*

(2) *Farsi pagare da, vendicarsi sopra.*

those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, Heaven grant me a double portion of dulness!

Jos. Surf. Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are, — they have no malice at heart.

Maria. Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

Jos. Surf. But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? — Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

Maria. Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

Jos. Surf. Ah! Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that profligate Charles is still a favoured rival.

Maria. Ungenerously urged! but whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up (1), because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

Jos. Surf. Nay, but, Maria, do not leave me with a frown (2): by all that's honest, I swear. Gad's life, here's Lady Teazle! — (*Aside.*) — You must not — no, you shall not — for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle —

Maria. Lady Teazle!

Jos. Surf. Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect —

Enter LADY TEAZLE, and comes forward.

Lady Teaz. What is this, pray? Does he take her for me? — Child, you are wanted in the next room. — (*Exit Maria.*) — What is all this, pray?

Jos. Surf. O, the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint

(1) Disposta ad abbandonarlo. (2) Sguardo severo.

Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

Lady Teaz. Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning — do you usually argue on your knees?

Jos. Surf. O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast (1) — But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

Lady Teaz. No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires.

Jos. Surf. True — a mere platonic cicisbeo — what every London wife is entitled to.

Lady Teaz. Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to —

Jos. Surf. The only revenge in your power. Well — I applaud your moderation.

Lady Teaz. Go — you are an insinuating wretch. — But we shall be missed (2) — let us join the company.

Jos. Surf. But we had best (3) not return together.

Lady Teaz. Well — don't stay (4); for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

(Exit Lady Teazle.)

Jos. Surf. A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run (5) me into! I wanted (6), at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many damn'd rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

(Exit.)

(1) Frasi ampolloſe. (2) S'accorgerà che ſiamo aſſenti.
(3) Faremo meglio di (4) Non indugiate. (5) Condotta, traſcinato. (6) Deſiderava.

SCENE III. — *Sir Peter Teazle's.**Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.*

Sir Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! So my old friend is married, hey? — a young wife out of the country. — Ha! ha! ha! That he should have stood bluff (1) to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

Rowley. But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver: 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

Sir Oliv. Then he has been just half a year on the stool (2) of repentance! — Poor Peter! — But you say he has entirely given up Charles, — never sees him, hey?

Rowley. His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure, greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he has been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady is partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

Sir Oliv. Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating (3) prudent gossips (4), both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. — But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. — No, no, — if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound (5) for his extravagance.

Rowley. Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. — Ah! sir! it gives me new life to find that *your* heart is not turned against him: and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

Sir Oliv. What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? — Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

(1) *To stand bluff to*, reggere, persistere, star saldo. (2) *Stool*, scagno. (3) *Ciarlieri*. (4) *Faccendoni*, compari. (5) *To compound*, aggiustarsi, venir ad un accomodamento.

Rowley. Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family. — But here comes Sir Peter. (*Goes a little up.*)

Sir Oliv. Egad, so he does. — Mercy on me! — he's greatly altered — and seems to have a settled married look (1)! One may read *husband* in his face at this distance!

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Sir P. Teaz. Hah! Sir Oliver — my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

Sir Oliv. Thank you—thank you, Sir Peter! and 'faith I am glad to find you well, believe me.

Sir P. Teaz. Oh! 'tis a long time since we met — fifteen years, I 'doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross (2) accident in the time.

Sir Oliv. Ay, I have had my share. — But, what! I find you are married, hey, my old boy? — Well, well — it can't be helped (3) and so — I wish you joy with all my heart.

Sir P. Teaz. Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver. — Yes, I have entered into — the happy state; — but we'll not talk of that now.

Sir Oliv. True, true, Sir Peter; old friends should not begin on grievances (4) at first meeting — no, no, no. —

Rowley. Take care, pray, sir.

Sir Oliv. Well — so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, hey!

Sir P. Teaz. Wild! — Ah! my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Every body in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliv. I am sorry to hear it: he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Every body speaks well of him! — Pshaw! then he has bowed as low

(1) *Aspetto, ciera, aria.* (2) *Contrario, disgraziato.* (3) *Non vi ha più rimedio.* (4) *Gravami, disgrazie, doglianze.*

to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir P. Teaz. What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliv. Yes; if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, well — you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliv. Oh! plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. — But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors: but before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

Rowley. And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

Sir P. Teaz. Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

Sir Oliv. Well — come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lads' health (1), and tell you our scheme.

Sir P. Teaz. Allons then!

Sir Oliv. And don't, Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Odds my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging (2) to the green suckers (3) of youth; 'tis like ivy (4) round a sapling (5), and spoils the growth (6) of the tree. — (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III. — SCENE I — *Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, SIR PETER TEAZLE,
and ROWLEY.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, then, we will see this fellow

(1) Alla sanità de' giovanetti. (2) Avvicchiarsi. (3) Rampolli. (4) Ellera. (5) (Arboscello), frassinetto. (6) Nuoce a, guasta il crescimento.

first, and have our wine afterwards: — but how is this, Master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme (1).

Rowley. Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied (2), by letter, since his confinement (3), both to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

Sir Oliv. Ah! he is my brother's son.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to —

Rowley. Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions: and believe me, sir, you will find in the youngest brother, one, who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it, — « a heart (4) to pity, and a hand, open as day, for melting (5) charity. »

Sir P. Teaz. Pshaw! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well — make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought for Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

Rowley. Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done every

(1) Scopo del vostro progetto. (2) Si è indirizzato. (3) Imprisonment (for debt). (4) Open, taciuto. (5) Che strugge, internerisce.

thing in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

Sir P. Teaz. Pray, let us have him in (1).

Rowley. Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

Sir P. Teaz. But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

Rowley. Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance (2) of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty (3) of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests: I have also another evidence (4) in my power, one Snake, whom I have detected in a matter little short of forgery (5), and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

Sir P. Teaz. I have heard too much on that subject.

Rowley. Here comes the honest Israelite. —

Enter MOSES.

This is Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles.

Moses. (*Crosses to Sir Oliv.*) Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

Sir Oliv. That was unlucky, truly: for you have had no opportunity of showing your talents.

Moses. None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

Sir Oliv. Unfortunate, indeed! — But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses?

Moses. Yes, he knows that; this very (6) evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

Sir P. Teaz. What, — one, Charles never had money from before?

(1) Fateło entrare, prego. (2) Speranza. (azzardo) (3) Munificenza. (4) Testimonio. (5) Falsare. (6) Stessa.

Moses. Yes — Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

Sir P. Teaz. Egad, Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me! — Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

Moses. Not at all.

Sir P. Teaz. Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation; go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium, and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

Sir Oliv. Egad, I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

Sir P. Teaz. True — so you may.

Rowley. Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure; — however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

Moses. You may depend upon me; (*Looks at his watch.*) this is near the time I was to have gone.

Sir Oliv. I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses — But hold! (1) I have forgot one thing — how the plague shall I be able to pass for a Jew?

Moses. There's no need — the principal is a Christian.

Sir Oliv. Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, an't (2) I rather too smartly (3) dressed to look like a money lender?

Sir P. Teaz. Not at all; 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage, — would it, Moses?

Moses. Not in the least.

Sir Oliv. Well — but how must I talk? — there's certainly some cant (4) of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

Sir P. Teaz. O! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it (5), is to be exorbitant enough in your demands — hey, Moses?

Moses. Yes, that's a very great point.

(1) Ferma! (2) Am not? (3) Pulitamente, elegantemente.
(4) Gergo. (5) (Pigliò), intendo.

Sir Oliv. I'll answer for't I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan (1), at least.

Moses. If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

Sir Oliv. Hey! — what the plague! — how much then?

Moses. That depends upon the circumstances. If he appears not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent but if you find him in great distress, and wants the monies very bad (2), you may ask double.

Sir P. Teaz. A good honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver!

Sir Oliv. Truly, I think so—and not unprofitable.

Moses. Then, you know, you hav'n't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.

Sir Oliv. Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

Moses. Yes; and your friend is an unconscionable (3) dog; but you can't help that.

Sir Oliv. My friend an unconscionable dog, is he?

Moses. Yes, and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock (4) at a great loss.

Sir Oliv. He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind (5) of him.

Sir P. Teaz. I'faith, Sir Oliver — Mr. Premium, I mean, — you'll soon be master of the trade.

Sir Oliv. Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

Sir P. Teaz. You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by (6).

Sir Oliv. O! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must

(1) Imprestito. (2) Monies very bad, money very much.

(3) Un cane senza coscienza. (4) Effetti nei fondi pubblici.

(5) Gentile, amichevole, amorevole. (6) Qui vicino.

be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

(Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.)

Sir P. Teaz. So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

Rowley. No, upon my word, sir Peter.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say, presently. — I see Maria, and want to speak with her. *(Exit Rowley.)* I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph — I am determined I will do it — he will give me his opinion sincerely.

Enter MARIA.

So, child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

Maria. No, sir: he was engaged.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

Maria. Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely — you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

Sir P. Teaz. So — here's perverseness! — No, no, Maria, 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won (1) your heart.

Maria. This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy (2) my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, well, pity him as much as you

(1) Guadagnato, invaghito, cattivato. (2) Indegno di.

please: but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

Maria. Never to his brother!

Sir P. Teaz. Go = perverse and obstinate! but take care, madam; you have never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

Maria. I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable. *(Exit Maria.)*

Sir P. Teaz. Was ever man so crossed as I am? Every thing conspiring to fret (1) me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight, before her father, a hale and hearty (2) man, died, on purpose (3), I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. *(Lady Teazle sings without.)* But here comes my helpmate (4)! She appears in great good humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me (5), though but a little!

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teaz. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you hav'n't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by (6).

Sir P. Taz. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

Lad. Teaz. I am sure I wish I had: for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Teaz. Two hundred pounds! What, an't I to be in a good humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i'faith there's nothing I could

(1) Irrittarmi, vessarmi. (2) Sano e gagliardo. (3) A bella posta. (4) Sposa, cara metà. (5) Cattivarmi il suo amore mediante i fastidi che le fo soffrire. (6) Presente.

refuse you. You shall have it: (*Gives her notes*) but seal me a bond (1) for the repayment.

Lady Teaz. O no — there — my note of hand will do as well (2). (*Offering her hand.*)

Sir P. Teaz. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement (3). I mean shortly to surprise you: — but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady Teaz. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling (4), provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Teaz. Well — then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging (5).

Lady Teaz. I assure you, Sir Peter, good nature becomes you (6) — you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin (7), you would (8); and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing — didn't you?

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, yes, and you were as kind and attentive. —

Lady Teaz. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Teaz. Indeed!

Lady Teaz. Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff (9), peevish (10) old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who

(1) Sigillatemi (con un bacio) un obbligo, un istrumento. (2) Note of hand will do as well, pagherò, viglietto (di mano, dandogli la mano da baciare) farà lo stesso, basterà. (3) (Stabilimento), pensione, assegnamento. (4) Io sarò contentissima di veder presto cessare le nostre alterche. (5) D'ora innanzi sia la nostra unica gara quella di farsi gentilezze. (6) Vi sta bene. (7) Accarezzarmi sotto il mento. (8) You would (do so), solevate (fare così). (9) Intirizzito, stecchito, agghiacciato, ostinato. (10) Dispettoso, stizzoso, incresecevole.

might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Teaz. Thank you.

Lady Teaz. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P. Teaz. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple —

Lady Teaz. And never differ again?

Sir P. Teaz. No, never! — though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch (1) your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady Teaz. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Teaz. Now see, my angel! take care — contradicting isn't the way to keep (2) friends.

Lady Teaz. Then don't you begin it, my love!

Sir P. Teaz. There, now! you — you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady Teaz. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear —

Sir P. Teaz. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady Teaz. No, I am sure I don't: — but if you will be so peevish —

Sir P. Teaz. There now! who begins first?

Lady Teaz. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing — but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. Teaz. No, no, madam: the fault's in your own temper.

Lady Teaz. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Teaz. Your cousin Sophy is a forward (3) impertinent gipsy (4).

(1) Vegliare sopra, (2) (Tenere) restare, continuare. (3) Sfrontata. (4) Zingara.

Lady Teaz. You are a great bear (1), I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Teaz. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more!

Lady Teaz. So much the better.

Sir P. Teaz. No, no, madam: 'tis evident you never cared a pin (2) for me, and I was a madman to marry you — a pert (3), rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighbourhood.

Lady Teaz. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you — an old dangling (4) bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, ay, madam: but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady Teaz. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy (5) Terrier (6), who every body said would have been a better match (7)? for his estate is just as good as yours. and he has broke his neck (8) since we have been married.

Sir P. Teaz. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful — but there's an end of every thing. I believe you capable of every thing that is bad. — Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. — Yes, madam, *you* and Charles are — not without grounds (9) —

Lady Teaz. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

(1) Orso. (2) Uno spillo, (un fico) (3) Petulante, impertinente, spregiosa. (4) Dondolone, appiccaticcio. (5) Tivy, tantivy (the note of a huntinghorn) destrezza, speditezza, (termine di caccia). (6) Bracco. (7) Partito, (matrimonio). (8) Si è rotto il collo (alla caccia). (9) Motivo.

Sir P. Teaz. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce! — I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady Teaz. Agreed! agreed! — And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind (1) once more, we may be the happiest couple — and never differ again, you know — ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion (2), I see, and I shall only interrupt you — so, bye — bye (3). *(Exit.*

Sir P. Teaz. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh! I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper (4): no! she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper. *(Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Charles Surface's House.*

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES,

Trip. Here, master Moses! if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether — what's the gentleman's name?

Sir Oliv. Mr. Moses, what is my name?

Moses. Mr. Premium.

Trip. Premium — very well.

(Exit Trip (3), taking snuff.

Sir Oliv. To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But what! — sure, this was my brother's house?

Moses. Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, etc. just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him,

Sir Oliv. In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP.

Trip. My master says you must wait, gentlemen: he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

(1) Siamo d'accordo. (2) In collera. (3) Good bye, a rivederci. (4) Mantenere la sua calma. (5) Saltello.

Sir Oliv. If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message?

Trip. Yes, yes, sir: he knows you are here; — I did not forget little Premium: no, no, no.

Sir Oliv. Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

Trip. Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

Sir Oliv. Well then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess? (1)

Trip. Why, yes — here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear (2) — and not very great either (3) — but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags (4) and bouquets. (*Crosses to Moses.*)

Sir Oliv. Bags and bouquets! halters (5) and bastinadoes! (*Aside.*)

Trip. And, *à-propos*, Moses — have you been able to get me that little bill discounted? (6)

Sir Oliv. Wants to raise money too! — mercy on me! Has his distresses (7) too, I warrant, like a lord, and affects creditors and duns (8). (*Aside.*)

Moses. 'Twas not to be (9) done indeed, Mr. Trip. (*Gives Trip the note.*)

Trip. Good lack (10), you surprise me! My friend Brush (11), has indorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash (12).

Moses. No! 'twouldn't do.

Trip. A small sum — but twenty pounds. Hark'ye (13), Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

Sir Oliv. An annuity! ha! ha! a footman raise mo-

(1) (Indovino). suppongo, direi. (2) In arrear, in dietro, si fa stagnante. (3) Nemmeno. (4) Find (at our own expense) our bags (borse da capelli, sacchetti). (5) Corde! forche! capestri! (6) Farmi scontare, ricevere l'importare di quella cambiale? (7) Strettezze. (8) Creditori importuni. (9) Or it-could not be. (10) Mio Dio! (esclamazione antiquata). (11) Spazzetto. (12) Contante. (13) Ascoltate.

ney by way of annuity! Well done (1), luxury, egad!
(*Aside.*)

Moses. Well, but you must ensure your place.

Trip. O with all my heart! I'll ensure my place, and my life too, if you please.

Sir Oliv. It's more than I would your neck. (*Aside.*)

Moses. But is there nothing you could deposit?

Trip. Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately: (*Bell rings*) but I could give you a mortgage (2) on some of his winter clothes, with equity (3) of redemption before November — or you shall have the reversion (4) of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver (5): (*Bell rings*) these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles (6), as a collateral security. — (*Bell rings,*) — Egad, (*Crosses*) I heard the bell! I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses! This way (7), gentlemen. I'll ensure my place, you know.

Sir Oliv. If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation indeed! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III. — *Antique Hall.*

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, etc.,
at a table, with wine, etc.

Char. Surf. (*Seated at the head of the table*). Fore heaven, 'tis true! — there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't, they won't drink.

Carel. (*Seated at the right of the table*). It is so indeed, Charles! they give into (8) all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. O, certainly society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of raillery

(1) Bravo! (2) Ipoteca. (Equità) facoltà, diritto (patto di poterli ricuperare). (4) Il diritto di possedere un dì, cioè dopo il mio padrone. (5) Blue and silver, abito turchino da gala gallonato con argento. (6) Manichini di punto d'Inghilterra. (7) Da qui. (8) Aderiscono, cedono, si danno a briglia sciolta a.

that used to mantle (1) over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of Champaign, without its spirit or flavour (2).

Sir Har. (*Seated at the left of the table.*) But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

Carel. True: there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming (3), and is now under a hazard regimen.

Char. Surf. Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on (4) a bottle of Champaign, and I never lose.

All. Hey, what?

Char. Surf. At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

Carel. Ay, that I believe.

Char. Surf. And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test (5) by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers (6) to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top (7) is the maid that has bewitched (8) you.

Carel. Now then, Charles, be honest; and give us your real favourite.

Char. Surf. Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers (9), which (10) is impossible — on earth.

Carel. Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant!

Char. Surf. Here then, bumpers! you rogues! bumpers! Maria! Maria!

(1) Brillare, splendere, spiumare, scoppiettare. (2) Sapore gustoso. (3) Giocar (meglio). (4) Throw (gittar) on (my dinner,) here (presto) dopo pranzo. (5) Assaggio, pietra di paragone. (6) Bicchieroni colmi (di sciampagna, ecc.) (7) E quella che galleggia più alto, cioè quella il cui bicchierone spluma più alto. (8) Ammaliato. (9) Se io bevo alla di lei salute, bisognerà che ciascuno di voi faccia un brindisi ad una signorina d'uguale beltà. (10) Lo che.

Sir Har. Maria who!

Char. Surf. O damn (1) the surname — 'tis too formal to be registered in Love's calendar; — Maria!

All. Maria!

(*They drink.*)

Châr. Surf. But now, Sir Harry, beware, we must have beauty superlative.

Carel. Nay, never study, Sir Harry: we'll stand to (2) the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

Sir Har. Egad, so I have! and I'll give him the song, instead of the lady.

SONG.

Here's (3) to the maiden of bashful fifteen (4);

Here's to the widow of fifty;

Here's to the flaunting (5) extravagant queen (6),

And here's to the housewife that's thrifty (7).

Chorus. Let the toast pass, —

Drink to the lass (8),

I'll warrant she'll prove (9) an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples (10) we prize;

Now to the maid who has none, sir:

Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,

And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;

Now to her that's as brown, as a berry (11):

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry.

Chorus. Let the toast, etc.

For let'em be clumsy (12), or let'em be slim (13),

Young or ancient, I care not a feather;

So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim (14)

And let us e'en toast them together,

Chorus. Let the toast pass, etc.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Enter TRIP, and whispers CHARLES SURFACE.

Char. Surf. Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair (15) will you?

(*Rises, and comes forward.*)

(1) O al diavolo. (2) Sosterremo, appoggeremo, beberemo. (3) A glass sottinteso. (4) Years old, taciuto. (5) Pomposa, sfarzosa. (6) Donna galante. (7) Economica, assegnata. (8) Giovietta, fanciulla, verginella. (9) She will prove, verrà ricevuta come, servirà di. (10) Fossette nelle guance o sul mento. (11) Berry, coccola, bacca, mora. (12) Let them be clumsy, sieno esse grosse, grasse, pesanti. (13) Magre, sparute. (14) Orlo. (15) Seggiolone, scanno del presidente.

Carel. (*Rises and comes down.*) Nay, prithee, Charles, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropt in (1) by chance?

Char. Surf. No, faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

Carel. O damn it! let's have the Jew in.

Sir Har. Ay, and the broker too, by all means.

Carel. Yes, yes, the Jew and the broker.

Char. Surf. Egad, with all my heart! Trip, bid the gentlemen walk in — (*Exit Trip.*) — though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

Carel. Charles, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and perhaps they'll grow conscientious.

Char. Surf. O hang'em, no! wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to whet (2) their knavery (3).

Enter TRIP, MOSES, and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Char. Surf. So, honest Moses, walk in: walk in, pray, Mr. Premium — that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir.

Char. Surf. Set chairs, Trip — sit down (4). Mr. Premium — glasses, Trip — sit down, Moses. (*They sit.*) Come, Mr. Premium, I'll give you a sentiment (5); here's *Success to usury!* — Moses, fill the gentleman a bumper.

Moses. *Success to usury!*

Carel. Right, Moses — usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

Sir Oliv. Then — *here's all the success it deserves.*

Carel. (*Rising, and coming forward.*) No, no, that won't do! Mr. Premium, you have demurred (6) at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

Sir Har. A pint (7) bumper, at least.

(1) (Caduta dentro) venuta per caso. (2) Agguzzare. (3) Scal-trezza, mariuoleria. (4) Accomodatevi. (5) Brindisi che si fa, non ad una persona, ma ad un sentimento. (6) Esitato. (7) Di due boccali, (quart, two pints.)

Moses. O pray, sir, consider — Mr. Premium's a gentleman.

Carel. And therefore loves good wine.

Sir Har. Give Moses a quart glass — this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

Char. Surf. No, hang it, you shan't! Mr. Premium's a stranger.

Carel. Plague on'em then! — if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, Harry, the dice are in the next room — Charles, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

Char. Surf. I will! I will! (*Exeunt all the Gentlemen.*) Careless!

Carel. (*Returning.*) Well!

Char. Surf. Perhaps I may want you.

Carel. O, you know I am always ready: word, note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me. (*Exit.*)

Moses. Sir, this is Mr. Premium, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. Mr. Premium, this is —

Char. Surf. (*Putting Moses across to the left.*) Pshaw! have done (1). — Sir, my friend Moses is a very honest fellow, but a little slow at expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who want to borrow money — you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend. — I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent, sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted (2) at once, and may proceed to business without farther ceremony.

Sir Oliv. Exceeding frank, upon my word. — I see, Sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Char. Surf. Oh no, sir; plain-dealing (3) in business I always think best.

(1) Finitela! (2) Ci conosciamo l'un l'altro. (3) Procedere leale, franco, schietto.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I like you the better for it; however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog; isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you — mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

Char. Surf. Right. People that speak truth generally do (1): but these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money is n't to be bought without paying for't!

Sir Oliv. Well — but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Char. Surf. Not a mole hill (2), nor a twig (5), but what's in the bough-pots (4) out of the window.

Sir Oliv. Nor any stock I presume?

Char. Surf. Nothing but live stock — and that's only a few pointers (3) and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions? (6)

Sir Oliv. Why, to say truth, I am.

Char. Surf. Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

Sir Oliv. That you have a wealthy uncle I have heard: but how your expectations will turn out (7), is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Char. Surf. O no! — there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me every thing.

Sir Oliv. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

Char. Surf. Yes, yes, 'tis just so — Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

Sir Oliv. Egad, they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

(*Aside.*

Char. Surf. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's

(1) *Scorn to tell a lie*, sottinteso. (2) *Talpinia*. (3) *Verghetta*, fuscellino. (4) *Vasi da fiori*. (5) *Cani da fermo*. (6) *Parenti*. (7) *Verranno realizzate*.

agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear any thing (1) had happened to him.

Sir Oliv. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me — for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

Char. Surf. O, yes, you would — the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

Sir Oliv. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

Char. Surf. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life?

Sir Oliv. No, indeed, I am not: though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

Char. Surf. There again, now you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes, he breaks apace (3), I'm told — and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

Sir Oliv. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him! ha! ha! ha! egad — Ha! ha! ha!

Char. Surf. Ha! ha! — you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

Sir Oliv. No, no, I'm not.

Char. Surf. Yes, yes, you are — ha! ha! ha! — You know that mends your chance.

Sir Oliv. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over? (4) — nay, some say he is actually arrived?

Char. Surf. Pshaw! Sure I must know better than

(1) *Unfortunate sottinteso.* (2) Too good a life, una vita (sanità) troppo buona, un uomo che vivrà troppo lungamente. (3) *Dà giù*, declina rapidamente. (4) *The sea sottinteso*: (returning from India).

you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta — is'nt he, Moses?

Moses. O yes, certainly.

Sir Oliv. Very true, as you say; you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority—hav'nt I, Moses?

Moses. Yes, most undoubted.

Sir Oliv. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately — is there nothing you could dispose of? (1)

Char. Surf. How do you mean?

Sir Oliv. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate?

Char. Surf. O lud! that's gone long ago. — Moses can tell you how (3) better than I can.

Sir Oliv. Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation bowls (4) (*Aside.*) — Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

Char. Surf. Yes, yes, so it was — vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

Sir Oliv. Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! (5) (*Aside.*) Pray, what is become of the books?

Char. Surf. You must inquire of the auctioneer (6), Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

Moses. I know nothing of books.

Sir Oliv. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

(1) Vendere. (2) Argenteria, vassellame. (3) Il come (4) Dio buono! tutte le coppe d'oro vinte dalla famiglia alle corse di cavalli, e tutte le coppe grandi presentate in ricompensa de' servigi resi nelle funzioni municipali. (5) Una scienza che era stata trasmessa da padre a figlio come un telaio da tessitore. (6) stimatore, banditore, quello che fa gl' incanti, quello che vende a suono di tromba.

Char. Surf. Not much indeed; unless you have a mind (1) to the family pictures. I have got a roomfull of ancestors above, and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em a bargain (2).

Sir Oliv. Hey! what the devil! Sure, you would'nt sell your forefathers, would you?

Char. Surf. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

Sir Oliv. What! your great uncles and aunts?

Char. Surf. Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers too.

Sir Oliv. Now I give him up (3). (*Aside.*) What the plague, have you no bowels (4) for your own kindred? (5) Odd's life, do you take me for Shylock (6) in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

Char. Surf. Nay, my little broker, dont be angry; what need you care (7) if you have your money's worth (8).

Sir Oliv. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I can dispose of the family canvass (9). Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never! (*Aside.*)

Enter CARELESS.

Carel. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

Char. Surf. I can't come yet; i'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs: here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

Carel. O, burn your ancestors!

Char. Surf. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer; so come along with us.

Carel. Oh, have with you (10), if that's the case. I can

(1) Voglia, brama. (2) Un patto a buon mercato, per quasi niente. (3) L'abbandono, lo riniego. (4) Visceri, pietà. (5) Parenti, sangue. (6) L'usuraio nel Mercante di Venezia di Shakspeare. (7) Che v'importa. (8) L'equivalente, il valente del vostro danaro. (9) Canvas (canevaccio), tela da quadri; family canvas, i ritratti della famiglia, ed anche i voti (gli elettori) che dipendono dalla famiglia. (10) Vengo, sono da voi.

handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! (1) Going! going (2).

Sir Oliv. Oh, the profligates! (*Aside.*

Char. Surf. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser (3), if we want one. Gad's life, litte Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

Sir Oliv. O yes, I do vastly. Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction. — ha! ha! — O the prodigal! (*Aside.*

Char. Surf. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free (4) with his own relations?

Sir Oliv. I'll never forgive him; never! never!

(*Aside. Exeunt*

ACT IV. — SCENE I. *Picture Room at Charles's — Large chair on left. — Family Pedigree (5) hanging up in the Wing.*

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES and CARELESS;

Char. Surf. Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in — here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest (6).

Sir Oliv. And, in my opinion, a goodly (7) collection.

Char. Surf. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; — no *volontiers* grace or expression (8). Not like the works of your modern Raphaels,

(1) Maneggiare, adoperare un martellino così bene come un bossolo, una scatola da dadi. — Alle vendite pubbliche gl'Inglese! adoperano un piccolo martello di maogano in vece di una tromba. (2) After having mentioned the last offer two or three times, the auctioneer ends with saying *once, twice, three times going* (cioè, it is going) *going, gone*, and while pronouncing this last word he strikes the table with his hammer and names the purchaser, which is called knocking it (the article) down. To knock down a person vale stramazzarlo, atterrarlo con un colpo di pugno o di bastone. (3) Stimatore. (4) Free libero; to make free with, prendersi certe libertà con, agire senza cerimonia con, disporre di. (5) Albero genealogico. (6) Up to the conquest, risalendo sino alla conquista nel 1030. (7) Bellissima. (8) Niuna adulazione; *Point de graces de complaisance, point d'expression flattée.*

who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive (1) to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink (2) the original; and not hurt (3) the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness (4) — all stiff and awkward (5) as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliv. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Char. Surf. I hope not. — Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am: here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. — But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

(Brings chair forward.)

Carel. Ay, ay, this will do. — But, Charles, I hav'n't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

Char. Surf. Egad, that's true; — *(Taking pedigree down.)* what parchment (6) have we here? — O, our genealogy in full. Here Careless, — you shall have no common bit (7) of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue, — this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliv. What an unnatural rogue! — an *ex post facto* parricide!

(Aside.)

Carel. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed; faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain (8) — Come, begin — A-going, a-going, a-going!

Char. Surf. Bravo, Careless! — Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut (9) over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. — What say you,

. (1) Trovano il mezzo di, fanno in modo da. (2) Distruggere. (3) Guastare (4) Rassomiglianza, somiglianza. (5) Steccate e goffe. (6) Pergamena. (7) Pezzo, pezzetto. (8) Di più, di giunta, in oltre. (9) (Taglio) ferita, cicatrice.

Mr. Premium? — look at him — there's a hero, not cut out (1) of his feathers, as your modern clipt (2) captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals (3) as a general should be. — What do you bid (4)?

Sir Oliv. (Aside to Moses.) Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak (5).

Char. Surf. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer (6).

Sir Oliv. Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) — Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Char. Surf. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. — Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. — There she is, you see, a shepherdess (7) feeding her flock. — You shall have her for five pounds ten — the sheep are worth (8) the money.

Sir. Oliv. Ah! poor Deborah, a woman who set such a value on herself. (*Aside.*) — Five pounds ten — she's mine.

Char. Surf. Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! — This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. — What do you rate (9) him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Char, Surf. Four guineas! — Gad's life, you don't bid me the price of his wig (10) — Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woollack (11): do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliv. By all means.

Carel. Gone!

(1) Cut-out, fatto, formato, composto, ornato. (2) Tosi, attillati. (3) Uniforme. (4) Offrite. (5) Vorrebbe che voi parlaste. (6) Dello stato maggiore. (7) Pastorella. (8) Valgono. (9) Stimare. (10) Parrucca (11) Wool-sack, sacco di lana, nome che si dà alla panca o sofà del Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords.

Char. Surf. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliv. That is very extraordinary, indeed. I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

Carel. Well said, little Premium! — I'll knock them down at forty.

Char. Surf. Here's a jolly fellow (1) — I don't know what relation, but he was mayor (2) of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

Sir Oliv. No, no: six will do for the mayor.

Char. Surf. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw out the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliv. They're mine.

Char. Surf. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen — But, plague on't, we shall be all day re-tailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale (3): what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains on each side in a lump (4).

Carel. Ay, Ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliv. Well, well, any thing to accommodate you: — they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Carel (*Having put the chair away, comes forward.*)

What, that ill-looking (5) little fellow over the settee (6)?

Sir Oliv. Yes, sir, I mean that, though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Char. Surf. What, that? — Oh? that's my uncle Oliver: 'twas done before he went to India.

Carel. Your uncle Oliver! — Gad, then you'll (7) never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern (8) a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiv-

(1) Gioiálone, grassotto. (2) Podestà. (3) All'ingrosso.
(4) Massa, blocco. (5) Brutto. (6) Canapé, sofà. (7) You (and he) will. (8) Austero, arcigno, cipiglioso.

ing (1) eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance! (2) an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium? (*Slapping him on the shoulder* (3).

Sir Oliv. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; — but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber (4)?

Char. Surf. No, hang it; I'll not part with (5) poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've (6) a room to put it in.

Sir Oliv. The rogue's my nephew after all. (*Aside.*) — But sir, I have somehow (7) taken a fancy (8) to that picture.

Char. Surf. I'm sorry for't, for you certainly will not have it. — Oons, haven't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliv. I forgive him every thing! (*Aside.*) — But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Char. Surf. Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliv. How like (9) his father the dog is! (*Aside.*) — Well, well, I have done. — I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. — (*Aside.*) — Here is a draught (10) for your sum.

(*Taking it out of his pocket book.*)

Char. Surf. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

Sir Oliv. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Char. Surf. Zounds! no! — I tell you once more.

Sir. Oliv. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time — but give me your hand on

(1) Implacabile. (2) A damned disinheriting countenance. un'aria dura, una fisionomia diabolicamente disereditante un'aria dura, una guardatura bieca in cui traspare la sua intenzione di disereditarvi. (3) Dandogli una manata sulla spalla. (4) Masseriziaccia. (5) Part with, vendere, cedere, separarmi da. (6) While I have, finchè avrò. (7) Non so come. (8) A fancy (a whim), un capriccio. (9) Come somigliante a. (10) Tratta, ordine a vista.

the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles. — I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. — Come, Moses.

Char. Surf. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow! But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Char. Surf. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance (1) for them, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliv. I will, I will — for all but Oliver.

Char. Surf. Ay, all but the little nabob (2).

Sir Oliv. You're fixed on that?

Char. Surf. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliv. A dear extravagant rogue! (*Aside.*) — Good-day! — Come, Moses. — Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!

(*Exeunt Sir Oliver Surface and Moses.*)

Carel Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Char. Surf. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. But hark! here's Rowley: do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

Carel. I will — don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty (3) debts, or any such nonsense (4); for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

Char. Surf. Very true, and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay, never fear. (*Exit Careless.*) — Soh! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. — Let me see — two-thirds of this five hundred and thirty odd (5) pounds are mine by right. 'Fore Heaven! I

(1) Legno, mezzo di trasporto, vettura, veicolo (2) riccone, principe indiano. (3) Muffati (4) Sciocchezze. (5) Odd (bizzarro, disparo), oltre (un numero determinato), thirty odd pounds, more than thirty (and less than forty) pounds.

find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for — Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. —

Enter ROWLEY.

Hah! old Rowley egad, you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

Rowley. Yes, I heard they were a going. But I wonder (1) you can have such spirits (2) under so many distresses.

Char. Surf. Why, there's the point! my distresses are so many, that I can't afford (3) to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splenetic, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting: but you see they never move a muscle (4), so why should I?

Rowley. There's no making you serious a moment.

Char. Surf. Yes, faith, I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed (5) directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

Rowley. A hundred pounds! Consider only. —

Char. Surf. Gad's life, don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call (6) that has a better right to the money.

Rowley. Ah! there's the point! I never will cease dunning (7) you with the old proverb. —

Char. Surf. « Be just before you're generous. » — Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling beldame (8), and I can't get her to keep pace (9) with Generosity for the soul of me.

(1) Stupisco, non so come. (2) Brio, ilarità, animo. (3) Non ho la facoltà di; non ho il mezzo di (non posso far senza). Le mie disgrazie sono tante, e sì grandi che l'animo, l'ilarità, m'è cosa indispensabile. (4) O never weep, gnammat piangono. (5) Fate cambiare. (6) Venire, passare. (7) Importunare, seccare. (8) Vecchia matrona zoppa. (9) Non la posso far andar a pari passo.

Rowley. Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection. —

Char. Surf. Ay, ay, it's very true: but, hark' ce, Rowley, while I have, by heaven I'll give; so damn your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

(Exeunt Charles and Rowley.)

SCENE II. — A Saloon.

Enter MOSES and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Moses. Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory: 'tis great pity he's so extravagant.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And loves wine and women so much.

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture.

Moses. And games so deep (1).

Sir Oliv. But he would not sell my picture. — O, here's Rowley.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase —

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, our young rake (2) has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

Rowley. And here has he commissioned me to re-deliver you part of the purchase money — I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

Moses. Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so damned charitable.

Rowley. And I left a hosier (3) and two tailors in the hall (4), who I'm sure, won't be (5) paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

Sir. Oliv. Well, well, I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence too. — But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

Rowley. Not yet awhile: Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

(1) Risica somme tanto grandi al giuoco. (2) Dissoluto. libertino, discolo. (3) Fabbricante o venditore di calze, (4) Anticamera, sala. (5) Non saranno.

Enter Trip.

Trip. O, gentlemen, I beg pardon for not showing you out (1); this way — Moses, a word.

(Exeunt Trip and Moses.)

Sir Oliv. There's a fellow for you — would you believe it, that puppy (2) intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

Rowley. Indeed!

Sir Oliv. Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. — Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their master, when they were worn a little thread-bare (3); but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes (4), with the gloss (5) on.

SCENE III. — *A Library, a Large Screen (6), Pembroke Table, with a book on it; two chairs.*

JOSEPH SURFACE and a SERVANT discovered.

Jos. Surf. No letter from Lady Teazle?

Serv. No, Sir.

Jos. Surf. I am surprised she has not sent, if she is prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape (7) I have drawn myself into with the wife: however, Charles' imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

(Knocking heard (8) without.)

Serv. Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

Jos. Surf. Hold! — See whether it is or not before you go to the door: I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

Serv. 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's (9) in the next street.

Jos. Surf. Stay, stay; draw that screen before the

(1) Mostrarvi (la via), ricondurvi. (2) (Cagnetto), impertinente. (3) Spelate, logore. (4) Innanzi a *with* si sottintende *quite new*. (5) Liscio, lustro (di panno nuovo). (6) Paravento. (7) Impaccio (zuffa). (8) Si sente a picchiare. (9) Lascia la sua carrozza dalla modista.

window — (*Servant does so.*) — that will do; — my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper. — (*Servant exit.*) — I have a difficult hand (1) to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into (2) that secret,—at least, till I have her more in my power.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

Lady Teaz. What, Sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? — O lud! don't pretend to look grave. — I vow I couldn't come before.

Jos. Surf. O, madam, punctuality is a species of constancy, very unfashionable in a lady of quality.

(*Places chairs, and sits after Lady Teazle is seated.*)

Lady Teaz. Upon my word you ought to pity me. Do you know Sir Peter is grown so ill natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles too — that's the best of the story, isn't it?

Jos. Surf. I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. (*Aside.*

Lady Teaz. I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him, and then perhaps he would be convinced; don't you (3), Mr. Surface?

Jos. Surf. Indeed I do not. (*Aside.*) Oh certainly. I do! for then my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced, how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly (4) girl.

Lady Teaz. Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But, isn't it provoking, to have (5) the most ill-natured things said of one! — And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation too — that's what vexes me.

Jos. Surf. Aye, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance — without foundation: yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scanda-

(1) Mano, giuoco. (2) Iniziata nel. (3) *Wish it?* sottinteso. (4) Semplice, inetta, imbecille. (5) (*Avere*), sentire.

lous story si believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

Lady Teaz. No, to be sure: then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of any body—that is, of any friend: and then Sir Peter too, to have him so peevish, (1) and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart—indeed, 'tis monstrous!

Jos. Surf. But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless (2) suspicion of his wife, and withdraws (3) his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit (4) him.

Lady Teaz. Indeed!—so that if he suspects me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

Jos. Surf. Undoubtedly—for your husband should never be deceived in you,—and in that case it becomes you (5) to be frail in compliment to his discernment.

Lady Teaz. To be sure, what you say is very reasonable: and when the consciousness of my innocence—

Jos. Surf. Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences?—why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions?—why, the consciousness of your innocence.

Lady Teaz. 'Tis very true!

Jos. Surf. Now my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive

(1) Stizzoso. (2) Senza motivo. (3) Ritira. (4) Di essere più scaltra di lui, d'ingannarlo. (5) Vi sta bene.

how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour (1) and agree with your husband.

Lady Teaz. Do you think so?

Jos. Surf. Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character at present is like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

Lady Teaz. So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

Jos. Surf. Exactly so, upon my credit, Ma'am.

Lady Teaz. Well, certainly this is the oddest doctrine, and the newest receipt for avoiding calumny!

Jos. Surf. An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

Lady Teaz. Why, if my understanding were once convinced —

Jos. Surf. O, certainly; madam, your understanding should be convinced. — Yes, yes — heaven forbid (2) I should persuade you to do any thing you thought wrong. No, no, I have too much honour to desire it.

Lady Teaz. Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the argument? *(Rises.)*

Jos. Surf. Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you. *(Rises.)*

Lady Teaz. I doubt they do indeed; and I will fairly own (3) to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage (4) sooner than your *honourable logic*, after all.

Jos. Surf. Then, by this hand, which he is unworthy of — *(Taking her hand.)*

Enter SERVANT.

'Sdeath, you blockhead (5) — what do you want?

Serv. I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought you would not choose (6) Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

(1) Humour (umore) capriccio; to humour. piegarsi. sottomettersi ai capricci di, compiacere. (2) Tolga l'odio! (3) Francamente confessare. (4) Trattamenti. (5) imbecille! stupido! (6) (Scegliere) volere, aver piacere.

Jos. Surf. Sir Peter! — Oons — the devil!

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter! O Lud — I'm ruined — I'm ruined!

Serv. Sir, 'twasn't I (1) let him in.

Lady Teaz. Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic — Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs (2) — I'll get behind here (3) — and if ever I'm so imprudent again.— (*Goes behind the screen.*)

Jos. Surf. Give me that book.

(*Sits down; Servant pretends to adjust his hair.*)

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir. P. Teaz. Ay, ever improving himself (4) — Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface!

(*Taps* (5) *Joseph on the shoulder.*)

Jos. Surf. Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon — (*Gaping* (6) — *throws away the book.*) — I have been dozing (7) over a stupid book. Well, — I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up (8) this room. — Books, you know, are the only things I am a coxcomb (9) in.

Sir P. Teaz. 'Tis very neat indeed. — Well, well, that's proper; and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge — hung (10), I perceive, with maps!

(*Walking up towards screen.*)

Jos. Surf. O, yes, I find great use (11) in that screen.

(*Turning Sir Peter away from screen.*)

Sir P. Teaz. I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find any thing in a hurry (12).

Jos. Surf. Aye, or to hide any thing in a hurry either.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Well, I have a little private business. —

Jos. Surf. You need not stay (13). (*To the Servant, who places chairs. Exit Servant.*) Here's a 'chair, Sir Peter — I beg —

(1) It was not I who. (2) Scala. (3) Mi ficcherò dietro qui. (4) Ammigliorandosi, studiando, immerso negli studi. (5) To tap, percuotere leggermente colle dita. (6) Sbadigliando. (7) Sonnacchiando. (8) To fit up ornare, mobigliare. (9) Vanitoso, vanarello, affettato. (10) Tappezzato. (11) (Uso) utilità. (12) Fretta. (13) Potete andare.

Sir P. Teaz. (Sits.) Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen (1) my mind to you — a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

Jos. Surf. (Seated.) Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but, what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

Jos. Surf. Indeed! you astonish me!

Sir P. Teaz. Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

Jos. Surf. How! you alarm me exceedingly.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me!

Jos. Surf. Yes — believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

Sir P. Teaz. I am convinced of it. — Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess (2) who I mean?

Jos. Surf. I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite!

Sir P. Teaz. Oh, no! What say you to Charles?

Jos. Surf. My brother! impossible!

Sir P. Teaz. Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads (3) you. You judge of others by yourself.

Jos. Surf. Certainly, Sir Peter, the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery (4).

Sir P. Teaz. True — but your brother has no sentiment — you never hear him talk so.

(1) Sgravare, aprire. (2) Non potete indovinare? (3) Vi svia, vi fa errare. (4) Slealtà, tradimento.

Jos. Surf. Yet I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, — but what is principle against the flattery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

Jos. Surf. That's very true.

Sir P. Teaz. And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why, the town would only laugh at me, the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

Jos. Surf. That's true, to be sure — they would laugh,

Sir P. Teaz. Laugh — ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what, of me.

Jos. Surf. No — you must never make it public.

Sir P. Teaz. But then again — that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

Jos. Surf. Ay, there's the point. — When ingratitude bars the dart (1) of injury, (2) the wound has double danger in it.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay — I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he had been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him — any advice.

Jos. Surf. O, 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine — I disclaim (3) kindred with him; for the man who can break through (4) the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded (5) as the pest of society.

Sir P. Teaz. What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

(1) Aggiunge barbaccini, denti, al dardo, avvelena la strale.
 (2) Torto, danno. (3) Rinnego, rinuncia a. (4) Violare. (5) Marcato con ferro rovente.

Jos. Surf. Yet, I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

Sir P. Teaz. I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her: and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I was dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress, in that respect for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are the drafts of two deeds (1), which I wish to have your opinion on. — By one, she will enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk (2) of my fortune after my death.

Jos. Surf. This conduct, Sir Peter, is indeed truly generous. — I wish it may not corrupt my pupil.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain, though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection yet awhile.

Jos. Surf. Nor I, if I could help it. (*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

Jos. Surf. (*Softly.*) — O, no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

Sir P. Teaz. I am sensibly chagrined at the (3) little progress you seem to make in her affections.

Jos. Surf. I beg you will not mention it, sir. What are my disappointments when your happiness is in debate! (*Softly.*) — 'Sdeath! I shall be ruined every way.

(*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

(1) Prime copie di due atti. (2) Massa, complesso, maggior parte. (3) Mi rincresce molto del.

Jos. Surf. Pray, Sir Peter, now, oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow (1) a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with (2) his friend's distresses can never —

Enter SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Serv. Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

Jos. Surf. (Rises.) 'Sdeath, blockhead, I'm not within — I'm out for the day.

Sir P. Teaz. (Rises.) Stay — hold — a thought has struck me (3): — you shall be at home.

Jos. Surf. (Crosses to Servant.) Well, well, let him up. (*Exit Servant.*) He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however. (*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you (4) — Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere — then do you tax (5) him on the point we have been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

Jos. Surf. O fie, Sir Peter! would you have me join in so mean a trick? — To trepan (6) my brother, too?

Sir P. Teaz. Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself (7), and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me: (*Going up*) here, behind this screen will be — Hey! what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already — I'll swear I saw a petticoat (8).

Jos. Surf. Ha! ha! ha! Well this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter, though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph either! Hark'ee 'tis a little French milliner (9) — a silly

(1) Donare, dare. (2) A cui vengono confidate. (3) Mi è venuto un pensiero. (4) Ve ne prego. (5) Accusate, tacciate. (6) Accalappiare. (7) Giustificarsi. (8) Sottana. (9) Modista.

rogue that plagues me, — and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind the screen.

Sir P. Teaz. Ah! Joseph! Joseph! Did I ever think that you — But, egad, she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

Jos. Surf. O, 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.

Sir P. Teaz. No! then, faith, let her hear it out (1) — Here's a closet (2) will do as well.

Jos. Surf. Well, go in there.

Sir P. Teaz. Sly (3) rogue! sly rogue!

(Going into the closet.)

Jos. Surf. A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part (4) man and wife in this manner.

Lady Teaz. (Peeping) (5) — Could'nt I steal off? (6)

Jos. Surf. Keep close (7), my angel!

Sir P. Teaz. (Peeping out)—Joseph, tax him home(8).

Jos. Surf. Back (9), my dear friend!

(341) *Lady Teaz.* Could'nt you lock (10) Sir Peter in?

Jos. Surf. Be still (11), my life!

Sir P. Teaz. (Peeping.) — You're sure the little milliner won't blab? (12)

Jos. Surf. In, in, my dear Sir Peter — 'Fore gad, I wish I had a key to the door.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Char. Surf. Holla! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What! have you had a Jew or a wench (13) with you.

Jos. Surf. Neither, brother, I assure you.

Car. Surf. But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

(1) Sentirlo tutto. (2) Gabinetto. (3) Scaltro. (4) Separare. (5) Guatando, facendo cappellino, mettendo fuori il capo. (6) Svignare, andarmene senza essere veduta (7) Zitta, non vi movete. (8) Accusatelo francamente, lavategli bene il capo (9) Indietro. (10) Chindere a chiave. (11) State zitta. (12) Cianciare, divulgare. (13) Figlia, bagascia.

Jos. Surf. He was, brother: but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

Char. Surf. What! was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

Jos. Surf. No, sir: but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

Char. Surf. Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men — But how so, pray?

Jos. Surf. To be plain with you, brother — he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

Char. Surf. Who, I? O Lud! not I, upon my word. — Ha! ha! ha! So the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?

Jos. Surf. This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh —

Char. Surf. True, True, as you were going to say — then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

Jos. Surf. Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this. *(Aloud.)*

Char. Surf. To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement: besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

Jos. Surf. But sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest (1) partiality for you —

Char. Surf. Why, look'ee (2), Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman was purposely to throw herself in my way — and that pretty woman (3) married to a man old enough to be her father —

Jos. Surf. Well —

Char.: Surf. Why I believe I should be obliged to —

Jos. Surf. What?

(1) Lasciato trasparare la più tenera. (2) Look ye, (vedete) è antiquato. (3) Was, sottinteso.

Char. Surf. To borrow (1) a little of your morality, that's all. — But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

Jos. Surf. O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish (2).

Char. Surf. Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances (3) —

Jos. Surf. Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

Char. Surf. Egad, I'm serious. — Don't you remember one day when I called here —

Jos. Surf. Nay, prythee. Charles —

Char. Surf. And found you together —

Jos. Surf. Zounds, sir! I insist —

Char. Surf. And another time when your servant —

Jos. Surf. Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him (4). (Aside.)

Char. Surf. Informed, I say, that —

Jos. Surf. Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

Char. Surf. How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

Jos. Surf. Softly; there! (Points to the closet.)

Char. Surf. O, 'fore heaven, I'll have him out (5). Sir Peter, come forth! (6)

(Trying to get to (7) the closet)

Jos. Surf. No, no — (Preventing him.)

Char. Surf. I say, Sir Peter come into court, = (Crosses; pulls (8) in Sir Peter.) — What! my old guardian! — What! turn inquisitor (9) and take evidence incog? (10) O, fie! O, fie!

Sir P. Teaz. Give me your hand, Charles — I believe I have suspected you wrongfully (11): but you mustn't be angry with Joseph — 'twas my plan!

(1) Prendere ad imprestito. (2) Questo è un modo sciocco di ritorcere l'accusa. (3) Occhiate. (4) Arrestarlo, fermarlo. (5) Voglio ch'esca. (6) Venite fuori, avanti. (7) Procurando di arrivare a. (8) Strascina. (9) Far l'inquisitore. (10) Incongnito, di nascosto. (11) A torto, senza motivo.

Char. Surf. Indeed!

Sir P. Teaz. But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

Char. Surf. Egad, then, 'twas lucky (1) you didn't hear any more — wasn't it, Joseph? (*Apart to Joseph.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Ah! you would have retorted on him.

Char. Surf. Ay, ay, that was a joke.

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

Char. Surf. But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that — mightn't he, Joseph? (*Apart to Joseph.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Well, well, I believe you.

Jos. Surf. Would (2) they were both out of the room! (*Aside.*)

Sir P. Teaz. And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers (3).

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

Jos. Surf. Lady Sneerwell! Gads life! she must not come here! (*Exit Servant.*) Gentlemen, I beg pardon — I must wait on you down stairs (4); here is a person come on particular business.

Char. Surf. Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met this long time, and I have something to say to him.

Jos. Surf. They must not be left together. (*Aside.*) I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly. — Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

(*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out.*)

Sir P. Teaz. (*Crossing to Joseph.*) I! not for the world! — (*Apart to Joseph.*) — Ah! Charles, if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment

(1) Fortunato. (2) Vorrei che. (3) To each other: (ci vedremo più spesso.) (4) Ricondurvi (alla porta).

— Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

Char. Surf. Pshaw! he is too moral by half — and so apprehensive of his good name, as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest (1) into his house as a wench.

Sir P. Teaz. No, no, — come, come, — you wrong him. — No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such saint either, in that respect. — I have a great mind (2) to tell him — we should have such a laugh at (3) Joseph

(Aside.

Char. Surf. Oh, hang him! He's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir P. Teaz. Hark'ee — you must not abuse him: he may chance (4) to hear of it again, I promise you.

Char. Surf. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir P. Teaz. No — but — this way. Egad, I'll tell him — *(Aside.)* Hark'ee — have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Char. Surf. I should like it of all things (5).

Sir P. Teaz. Then, i'faith, we will — I'll be quit with him (6) for discovering me — He had a girl with him when I called.

(Whispers (7).)

Char. Surf. What! Joseph? — you jest.

Sir P. Teaz. Hush! — a little French milliner — and the best of the jest is — she's in the room now.

Char. Surf. The devil she is! *(Looking at closet.)*

Sir P. Teaz. Hush! (8) I tell you! *(Points to screen.)*

Char. Surf. Behind the screen! 'Slife, let us unveil (9).

Sir P. Teaz. No, no — he's coming — you sha'nt, indeed!

Char. Surf. O, egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner? *(Endeavouring to get (10) towards screen, Sir P. preventing.)*

(1) Let a priest come. (2) Gran voglia. (3) At the expense of. (4) Per caso, (5) of all things (in the world) I should like it the most. (6) Egli me la pagherà, io mi vendicherò di lui. (7) Bisbiglia. (8) Zitto! silenzio! (9) Sveliamola. (10) Sforzandosi di correre verso, di arrivare a.

Sir P. Teaz. Not for the world — Joseph will never forgive me —

Char. Surf. I'll stand by (1) you —

Sir P. Teaz. Odds, here he is! (*Joseph Surface enters, just as Charles Surface throws down the screen.*)

Char. Surf. Lady Teazle! (2) by all that's wonderful!

Sir P. Teaz. Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

Char. Surf. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest (3) French milliners I ever saw. Egad, you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek (4), and I don't see who is out of (5) the secret. — Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! — Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What! is Morality dumb (6) too? — Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark (7), perhaps you are not so now! All mute! — Well — though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another — so I'll leave you to yourselves — (*Going.*) Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. — Sir Peter! there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment. (*Exit Charles. They stand for some time looking at each other.*)

Jos. Surf. Sir Peter — notwithstanding — I confess — that appearances are against me — if you will afford me (8) your patience — I make no doubt but I shall explain every thing to your satisfaction. :

Sir P. Teaz. If you please, sir.

Jos. Surf. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle, knowing my pretensions to your ward (9) Maria — I say sir, Lady Teazle, being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper — and knowing my friendship to the family — she, sir, I say, — called here (10) — in order that — I might explain these pretensions — but on your coming — being apprehensive — as I said — of your jea-

(1) Io vi spallegguò, vi difenderò. (2) Si tace *I swear*. (3) Più attillata, più seducente. (4) Al giuoco di capo a nascondere. (5) E fuori di, non sia a parte di. (6) Mutolo, muto. (7) Al buio. (8) Accordarmi. (9) Pupilla. (10) Venne qui.

lousy — she withdrew (1) — and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir P. Teaz. A very clear account (2) upon my word; and I dare swear the lady will vouch for (3) every article of it.

Lady Teaz. (*Coming forward.*) For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir P. Teaz. How! don't you think it worth while (4) to agree in the lie!

Lady Teaz. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you.

Sir P. Teaz. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Jos. Surf. (*Aside.*) — 'Sdeath, madam, will you betray me?

Lady Teaz. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave I'll speak for myself.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting (5).

Lady Teaz. Hear me, Sir Peter! — I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her. But I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir P. Teaz. Now, I believe, the truth is coming, indeed!

Jos. Surf. The woman's mad!

Lady Teaz. No, sir, — she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. — Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me — but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has so penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As

(1) Si ritirò. (2) Ragguaglio. (3) Sarà mallevadrice di.
(4) Che vale la pena. (5) Senza suggeritore.

for that smooth-tongued (1) hypocrite who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward — I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

(*Exit Lady Teazle.*)

Jos. Surf. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, Heaven knows —

Sir P. Teaz. (*Crosses.*) That You are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Jos. Surf. You are too rash (2), Sir Peter; you shall hear me. — The man who shuts out (3) conviction by refusing to —

Sir P. Teaz. O, damn your sentiments!

(*Exeunt Sir Peter and Surface, talking.*)

ACT V. SCENE I. — *The Library.*

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and SERVANT.

Jos. Surf. Mr. Stanley! — and why should you think I would see him? You must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in, but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Jos. Surf. Pshaw! (4) blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations! — Well, why don't you show the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir. — Why, sir it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my lady —

Jos. Surf. Go, fool! (*Exit Servant.*) Sure Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I sha'n't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley. — So! here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.

(*Exit.*)

(1) Blandeloquente. (2) Corrivo, avventato. (3) Chiude fuori, esclude, si tura gli orecchi a. (4) Oibò!

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir Oliv. What! does he avoid us! — That was he, was it not?

Rowley. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

Sir Oliv. O, plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking!

Rowley. As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

Sir Oliv. Yet he has a string (1) of charitable sentiments, I suppose, at his fingers' ends.

Rowley. Or rather, at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that. « Charity begins at home.. »

Sir Oliv. And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad (2) at all.

Rowley. I doubt you'll find it so; — but he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and you know immediately as you leave him; I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

Sir Oliv. True; and afterwards you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

Rowley. Without losing a moment. *(Exit.*

Sir Oliv. I don't like the complaisance of his features.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

Jos. Surf. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting — Mr. Stanley, I presume. —

Sir Oliv. At your service.

(1) Filza, filastrocca. (2) Va fuori di casa, s'esercita.

Jos. Surf. Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down — I entreat you. sir! —

Sir Oliv. Dear sir — there's no occasion — too civil by half! *(Aside.*

Jos. Surf. I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley: but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

Sir Oliv. I was, sir; — so nearly that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else (1) I should not have presumed to trouble you.

Jos. Surf. Dear sir, there needs no apology: — he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy. I am sure I wish I was one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief,

Sir Oliv. If your uncle Sir Oliver were here, I should have a friend.

Jos. Surf. I wish he was, sir, with all my heart: you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

Sir Oliv. I should not need one — my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

Jos. Surf. My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a worthy man, a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

Sir Oliv. What! has he never transmitted you bul- lion (2) — rupees (3), pagodas?

Jos. Surf. O, dear sir, nothing of the kind: — no, no — a few presents now and then — china, shawls (4),

(1) Altrimenti. (2) Verghe d'oro. (3) Pezzi d'argento di trentadue soldi inglesi. (4) Porcellana, scialli.

congou tea, avadavats and Indian crackers (1) — little more, believe me.

Sir Oliv. Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds! — Avadavats and Indian crackers! (*Aside.*)

Jos. Surf. Then, my dear sir, you have heard, I doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.

Sir Oliv. Not I, for one! (2) (*Aside.*)

Jos. Surf. The sums I have lent him! — Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it, — and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

Sir Oliv. Dissembler! (*Aside.*) — Then, sir, you can't assist me?

Jos. Surf. At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

Sir Oliv. I am extremely sorry —

Jos. Surf. Not more than I, believe me; — to pity without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

Sir Oliv. Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Jos. Surf. You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley. William, be ready to open the door.

Sir Oliv. O, dear sir, no ceremony.

Jos. Surf. Your very obedient.

Sir Oliv. Sir, your most obsequious.

Jos. Surf. You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

Sir Oliv. Sweet sir, you are too good!

Jos. Surf. In the mean time, I wish you health and spirits.

(1) Passerotti dell' India e biscottini duri. (2) I (for one, per me) would not believe it.

Sir Oliv. Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

Jos. Surf. Sir, yours as sincerely.

Sir Oliv. Now I am satisfied! (*Aside. Exit.*)

Jos. Surf. This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address (1) to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore (2) of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas the sentimental French plate (3) that I use instead of it, makes just as good a show (4) and pays no tax.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. Mr. Surface, your servant: I was apprehensive of interrupting you, though my business demands immediate attention, as this note will inform you.

Jos. Surf. Always happy to see Mr. Rowley, — a rascal! (*Aside. — Reads the letter.*) — Sir Oliver Surface! — My uncle arrived!

Rowley. He is, indeed: we have just parted with him — quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

Jos. Surf. I am astonished! — William! stop Mr. Stanley, if he's not gone.

Rowley. Oh! he's out of reach (5), I believe.

Jos. Surf. Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

Rowley. I thought you had particular business; — but I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

Jos. Surf. So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming. — Never, to be sure, was any thing so damned unlucky. (*Aside*)

(1) (Indirizzo), accorgimento, arte. (2) Oro, metallo come esce dalla miniera. (3) French plate, vassellame orpellato. (4) figura, mostra. (5) (Fuori di portata), non si può più raggiungerlo.

Rowley. You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

Jos. Surf. Oh! I am overjoyed (1) to hear it — Just at this time! *(Aside.*

Rowley. I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him. *(Exit.*

Jos. Surf. Do, do; pray give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him — Certainly his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune! *(Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Sir Peter. Teazle's.*

Enter MAID and MRS. CANDOUR.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

Mrs. Cand. Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour?

Maid. Yes, ma'am; but she begs you will excuse her.

Mrs. Cand. Do go again, — I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment, for I am sure she must be in great distress. *(Exit Maid.)* Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped (2) the story at a dozen houses.

Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKITE.

Oh, dear Sir Benjamin! you have heard, I suppose —

Sir Benj. Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface —

Mrs. Cand. And Sir Peter's discovery —

Sir Benj. O! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

Mrs. Cand. Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

Sir Benj. Now I don't pity Sir Peter at all: he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

Mrs. Cand. Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles, Lady Teazle was detected (3) —

(1) Son pur lieto. (2) (Lasciato cadere); riferito, sparso, divulgato. (3) Scoperta.

Sir Benj. No such thing, I tell you — Mr. Surface is the gallant.

Mrs. Cand. No, no, Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

Sir Benj. I tell you I had it from one —

Mrs. Cand. And I have it from one —

Sir Benj. Who had it from one, who had it —

Mrs. Cand. From one immediately — but here comes Lady Sneerwell; perhaps she knows the whole affair.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Lady Sneer. So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

Mrs. Cand. Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought —

Lady Sneer. Well, there is no trusting (1) appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

Mrs. Cand. To be sure, her manners were a little too free: but then she was so young!

Lady Sneer. And had, indeed, some good qualities.

Mrs. Cand. So she had, indeed. But have you heard the particulars?

Lady Sneer. No; but every body says that Mr. Surface —

Sir Benj. Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

Mrs. Cand. No, no: indeed the assignation was with Charles.

Lady Sneer. With Charles! You alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

Mrs. Cand. Yes, yes, he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer (2).

Sir Benj. Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Candour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not —

Mrs. Cand. Sir Peter's wound! O, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting. (3)

(1) Non bisogna fidarsi a. (2) Delatore, riportatore. (3) Battersi, duello.

Lady Sneer. Nor I, a syllable.

Sir Benj. No! what, no mention of the duel? (*Crosses.*

Mrs. Cand. Not a word.

Sir Benj. O, yes; they fought before they left the room.

Lady Sneer. Pray, let us hear.

Mrs. Cand. Ay, do oblige us with (1) the duel.

Sir Benj. « Sir, » says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, « you are a most ungrateful fellow. »

Mrs. Cand. Ay, to Charles —

Sir Benj. No, no — to Mr. Surface — « a most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir, » says he, « I insist on immediate satisfaction. »

Mrs. Cand. Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface should fight in his own house.

Sir Benj. Gad's life, ma'am, not at all — « Giving me immediate satisfaction. » On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics (2), and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn (3) and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords (4). —

Enter CRABTREE.

Crab. With pistols, nephew — pistols, I have it from undoubted authority.

Mrs. Cand. (*Crosses to Crabtree.*) O, Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

Crab. Too true, indeed, madam, and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded —

Sir Benj. By a thrust in seagoon (5) quite through his left side —

Crab. By a bullet (6) lodged in the thorax.

Mrs. Cand. Mercy on me! Poor Sir Peter!

Crab. Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

(1) *The account of sottinteso.* (2) *Convulsioni.* (3) *Spirito di corno di cervo.* (4) *Spade.* (5) *Botta in seconda.* (6) *Palla.*

Mrs. Cand. I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

Sir Benj. My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

Crab. But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

Sir Benj. That I told you, you know —

Crab. Do, nephew, let me speak! — and insisted on immediate —

Sir Benj. Satisfaction! Just as I said —

Crab. Odds life, nephew, allow others to know something too. A pair of pistols lay on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Eton), so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

Sir Benj. I heard nothing of this.

Crab. Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together. Charles's shot (1) took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed (2); but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze of Shakspeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed (3) out of the window at a right angle, and wounded the postman, (4) who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

Sir Benj. My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

Lady Sneer. I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information. (*Aside.*

(*Exit Lady Sneerwell.*

Sir Benj. Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for (5).

Crab. Yes, yes, they certainly do say — but that's neither here nor there (6).

(1) Colpo. (2) Mancò. (3) Rasentò, toccò a mala pena. (4) Porta-Lettere. (5) Spiegato, inteso. (6) Ma ciò importa poco.

Mrs. Cand. But, pray where is Sir Peter at present?

Crab. Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him (1).

Mrs. Cand. I believe so, and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

Crab. Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

Sir Benj. Hey! who comes here?

Crab. O, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

Mrs. Cand. O, certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Crab. Well, doctor, what hopes?

Mrs. Cand. Ay, doctor! how's your patient?

Sir Benj. Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small sword?

(Coming down on Sir Oliver.)

Crab. A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

Sir Oliv. Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax! Oons! are you mad, good people?

Sir Benj. Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

Sir Oliv. Truly I am to thank you for my degree if I am.

Crab. Only, a friend of Sir Peter's then I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

Sir Oliv. Not a word!

Crab. Not of his being dangerously wounded?

Sir Oliv. The devil he is!

Sir Benj. Run through (2) the body —

Crab. Shot (3) in the breast —

Sir Benj. By one (4) Mr. Surface —

Crab. Ay, the younger.

Sir. Oliv. Hey! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts: however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded.

(1) Di dire che egli non ci è. (2) Run through, trafitto.
(3) Ferito da un colpo di pistola (o di fucile). (4) Un certo.

Sir Benj. O, yes, we agree in that.

Crab. Yes, yes, I believe there can be no doubt of that.

Sir Oliv. Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation! he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes walking, as if, nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Odd's heart, Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over (1).

Sir Benj. Egad, uncle, this is the most sudden recovery! (2)

Sir Oliv. Why, man, what do you out of bed with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax?

Sir. P. Teaz. A small sword, and a bullet!

Sir Oliv. Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you without law or physic, and wanted to dub (3) me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

Sir P. Teaz. Why, what is all this.

(Crosses to Sir Benj.)

Sir Benj. We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true, and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

(Goes up a little.)

Sir P. Teaz. So, so; all over the town already.

(Aside.)

Crab. Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly vastly to blame to marry at your years. *(Retires a little up.)*

Sir P. Teaz. Sir, what business is that of yours?

Mrs. Cand. Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

Sir P. Teaz. Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

(Mrs. Cand. crosses.)

Sir Benj. *(Advances.)* However, Sir Peter, you must not mind (4) the laughing and jests (5) you will meet with on the occasion.

(1) Spedito. (2) Risanamento, guarigioni. (3) Creare, fare, armare. (4) Badare a. (5) Scherzi.

Sir P. Teaz. Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

Crab. 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

Sir P. Teaz. I insist on being left to myself: without ceremony — I insist on your leaving my house directly.

Mrs. Cand. Well, well, we are going, and depend on't we'll make the best report of it we can.

Sir P. Teaz. Leave my house!

Crab. And tell how hardly you've been treated —

Sir P. Teaz. Leave my house!

Sir Benj. And how patiently you bear it.

(Exeunt Mrs. Candour, Sir Benjamin and Crabtree.)

Sir P. Teaz. Leave my house! — Fiends! (1) vipers! furies! Oh! that their own venom would choke (2) them!

Sir Oliv. They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

Rowley. I heard high words: what has ruffled (3) you, sir?

Sir P. Teaz. Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

Rowley. Well, I'm not inquisitive (4).

Sir Oliv. Well, I am not inquisitive; I come only to tell you that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

Sir P. Teaz. A precious couple they are!

Rowley. Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

Sir Oliv. Yes, I find Joseph is indeed the man (5), after all.

Rowley. Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

Sir Oliv. And acts up (6) to the sentiments he professes.

Rowley. It certainly is edification to hear him talk.

Sir Oliv. Oh, he's a model for the young men of

(1) Demonii. (2) Li soffocasse, le offogasse. (3) Turbato. (4) Curioso, indiscreto. (5) L'uomo per eccellenza. (6) Agisce, opera seconda.

the age! — But how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

Sir P. Teaz. Sir Oliver, we live in a damned wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better (1).

Rowley. What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

Sir P. Teaz. Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

Rowley. Then, to fret (2) you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

Sir P. Teaz. And does Sir Oliver know all this?

Sir Oliv. Every circumstance.

Sir P. Teaz. What of the closet and the screen, hey?

Sir Oliv. Yes, yes, and the little French milliner. O, I have been vastly diverted with the story! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Teaz. 'Twas very pleasant.

Sir Oliv. I never laughed more in my life, I assure you; Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Teaz. O, vastly diverting! Ha! ha! ha!

Rowley. To be sure, Joseph with his sentiments. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha! ha! ha! Hypocritical villain!

Sir Oliv. Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull (3) Sir Peter out of the closet: Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. Teaz. Ha! ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure!

Sir Oliv. Ha! ha! ha! Egad, Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down (4) Ha! ha!

Sir P. Teaz. Yes, yes, my face when the screen was thrown down: Ha! ha! ha! Oh, I must never show my head again!

(1) Il miglior partito è di lodar poco. (2) Vessare. (3) Strascinare, (4) Gettato giù.

Sir Oliv. But come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

Sir P. Teaz. O pray don't restrain your mirth on my account: it does not hurt me at all! I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes, I think being a standing jest (1) for all one's acquaintance a very happy situation. O yes, and then of a morning to read the paragraphs about Mr. S — —, Lady T — —, and Sir P — —, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town (2) to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again.

Rowley. Without affectation, Sir Peter; you may despise the ridicule of fools; but I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room; I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly (3) as she does.

Sir Oliv. Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy. (*Exit.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Ah, I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though 'tis a vile unlucky (4) place for discoveries. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

Rowley. No, but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

Sir P. Teaz. Certainly a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine (5) a little?

Rowley. Oh, this is ungenerous in you.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles.

Rowley. A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way

(1) Zimbello. beffa. (2) La capitale. (3) Ardentemente, premurosamente. (4) Malaugurato. (5) (Languire) affliggersi.

on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

Sir P. Teaz. I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

Rowley. Certainly.

Sir P. Teaz. Though when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

Rowley. Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by showing them you are happy in spite (1) of it.

Sir P. Teaz. I'faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

Rowley. Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion —

Sir P. Teaz. Hold, master Rowley! If you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter (2) any thing like a sentiment: I have had enough of them to serve me the rest of my life. *(Exeunt)*

SCENE III. — *The Library.*

Enter LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneer. Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction (3) to me.

Jos. Surf. Can passion furnish a remedy?

Lady Sneer. No, nor cunning, neither, O! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer! (4).

Jos. Surf. Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong, but I don't think we're so totally defeated (5) neither.

Lady Sneer. No!

Jos. Surf. You tell me you have made a trial of

(1) Dispetto. (2) Proferire. (3) (Distrazion's) supplizio, pazzia. (4) Stupido, balordo, imbecille. (5) Vinti.

Snake since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

Lady Sneer. I do believe so.

Jos. Surf. And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is at this time contracted by vows and honour to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

Lady Sneer. This, indeed, might have assisted.

Jos. Surf. Come, come; it is not too late yet. (*Knocking at the door.*) But hark! (1) this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver: retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

Lady Sneer. Well, but if *he* should find you out, too?

Jos. Surf. Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue for his own credit's sake, and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side! (2)

Lady Sneer. I have no diffidence of your abilities: only be constant to one roguery at a time.

(*Exit Lady Sneerwell.*)

Jos. Surf. I will, I will. So! 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited (3) by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly — Hey! — what! — this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't! that he should return to tease me just now — I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here — and —

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life, Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay (4) now, upon my word.

Sir Oliv. Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here, and though he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

(1) Ascoltate. (2) Lato debole. (3) Sgridato, sbattuto.
(4) Fermarvi.

Jos. Surf. Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg — Come any other time, and I promise you, you shall be assisted.

Sir Oliv. No: Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

Jos. Surf. Zounds, sir then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

Sir Oliv. Nay, sir —

Jos. Surf. Sir, I insist on't: here, William! show this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir, — not one moment — this is such insolence!

Going to push (1) him out.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

Char. Surf. Hey, day! what's the matter now? What the devil, have you got hold of (2) my little broker here? Zounds, Brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

Jos. Surf. So he has been with you too, has he?

Char. Surf. To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little — But sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money too, have you?

Jos. Surf. Borrowing! No! But, brother, you know we expect Sir Oliver here every —

Char Surf. O Gad, that's true! Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure?

Jos. Surf. Yet Mr. Stanley insists —

Char. Surf. Stanley! why (3) his name's Premium.

Jos. Surf. No, sir, Stanley.

Char. Surf. No, no, Premium.

Jos. Surf. Well, no matter which — but —

Char. Surf. Ay, ay, Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besidess A. B. at the coffee-house* (4).

Jos. Surf. 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stanley —

Char. Surf. Ay, ay, and I beg, Mr. Premium —

(1) Respingere, cacciare. (2) Chiappato, preso. (3) Ma.
(4) The address of A. B. at the coffee house, ricapito da A B. al caffè.

Sir Oliv. Gentlemen—

Jos. Surf. Sir, by heaven you shall go!

Char. Surf. Ay, out with him (1), certainly!

Sir Oliv. This violence —

Jos. Surf. Sir, 'tis your own fault.

Char. Surf. Out with him, to be sure.

(*Both forcing Sir Oliver out.*)

Enter LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER, MARIA and ROWLEY.

Sir P. Teaz. My old friend, Sir Oliver — hey! What in the name of wonder — here are dutiful nephews — assault their uncle at a first visit!

Lady Teaz. Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you (2).

Rowley. Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

Sir Oliv. Nor of Premium neither; the necessities of the former could not extort (3) a shilling from that benevolent gentleman: and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse (4) than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

Jos. Surf. Charles!

Char. Surf. Joseph!

Jos. Surf. 'Tis now complete!

Char. Surf. Very!

Sir Oliv. Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley too, look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust (5) for him: judge then my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity and gratitude.

Sir P. Teaz. Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous (6), and hypocritical.

Lady Teaz. And if the gentleman pleads not guilty

(1) Cacciatelo fuori. (2) Al riscatto, per salvarvi. (3) Strappare, carpire. (4) Corsi il rischio di essere trattato peggio. (5) Nelle mani di fide-commes. (6) Sleale, traditore, perfido.

to these (1), pray let him call me to his character (2).

Sir P. Teaz. Then, I believe, we need add no more: if he knows himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

Char. Surf. If they talk this way to honesty (3), what will they say to me, by and bye? (4) (*Aside.*

(Sir Peter, Lady Teazle, and Maria, retire.

Sir Oliv. As for that prodigal, his brother, there.—

Char. Surf. Ay now comes my turn (5): the damned family pictures will ruin me. (*Aside.*

Jos. Surf. Sir Oliver — uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

Char. Surf. Now if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little. (*Aside.*

Sir Oliv. I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself? (*To Joseph.*

Jos. Surf. I trust I could.

Sir Oliv. Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified — you have even less principle than I thought you had. (*To Charles.*) Well, sir! you could justify yourself too, I suppose.

Char. Surf. Not that I know of, (6) Sir Oliver.

Sir Oliv. What! — Little Premium has been let too much into the secret, I suppose?

Char. Surf. True, Sir: but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

Rowley. Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

Sir Oliv. Odd's heart, no more I can; nor with gravity neither. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained (7) with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot (8), and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

Char. Surf. To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a

(1) Asserisce. che non è colpevole. (2) To (support) his character. (3) To Mr. Honesty. (4) Fra poco, a momenti. (5) Volta. (6) Non, che io sappia. (7) Patteggiò. (8) Alla palma, a misura.

little free with the family canvass, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me: there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you — and upon my soul I would not say so if I was not — that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel at this moment the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

Sir Oliv. Charles, I believe you; give me your hand again; the ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

Char. Surf. Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

Lady Teaz. (*Advancing, Maria on her left hand.*) Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

Sir Oliv. Oh, I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe (1) right — that blush (2). —

Sir P. Teaz. Well, child, speak your sentiments!

Maria. Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me whatever claim (3) I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

Char. Surf. How, Maria.

Sir P. Teaz. Hey day! what's the mystery now? — While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

Maria. His own heart and Lady Speerwell know the cause.

Char. Surf. Lady Sneerwell?

Jos. Surf. Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point, but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed.

(*Opens the door.*)

(1) Interpreto, indovino. (2) Rossore. (3) Pretensione, diritto.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

Sir P. Teaz. So! another French milliner! Egad, he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

Lady. Sneer. Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

Char. Surf. Pray, uncle, is this another plot (1) of yours? For, as I have life, I don't understand it.

Jos. Surf. I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

Sir P. Teaz. And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

Rowley. Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted: however, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

Lady Sneer. A villain! Treacherous to me at last! — Speak, fellow; have you, too, conspired against me?

Snake. I beg your ladysship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie (2) in question: but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

Sir P. Teaz. Plot and counter-plot (3)! I wish your ladysship joy of your negociation.

Lady Sneer. The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

Lady Teaz. Hold, Lady Sneerwell before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president; and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off (4) practice, and kills characters no longer.

(1) Trama, congiura, complotto. (2) Menzogna, bugia.
(3) Mina e contramina. (4) Smette, rinuncia a.

Lady Sneer. You, too, madam — provoking — insolent. — May your husband live these fifty years!

(*Exit.*)

Sir P. Teaz. Oons! what a fury!

Lady Teaz. A malicious creature, indeed?

Sir P. Teaz. What! Not for her last wish?

Lady Teaz. O no!

Sir Oliv. Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

Jos. Surf. Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on (1) us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest (2) her revengeful spirit should prompt her (3) to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to. —

Sir P. Teaz. Moral to the last!

Sir Oliv. Ay, and marry her, — Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

Rowley. I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

Snake. Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

Sir P. Teaz. Well, well, you have made atonement (4) by a good deed at last.

Snake. But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

Sir P. Teaz. Hey — What the plague! — Are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

Snake. Ah, sir, consider, — I live by the badness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world. • (*Exit.*)

Sir Oliv. Well, well; we'll not traduce (5) you by saying any thing in your praise, never fear.

(1) Ingannare. (2) Per paura che. (3) L'instigasse. (4) Ammenda, (espiazione). (5) Calunniare, diffamare, infamare.

Lady Teaz. See, Sir Oliver, there needs no (1) persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

Sir Oliv. Ay, ay, that's as it should be; and, egad, we'll have the wedding (2) to-morrow morning.

Char. Surf. Thank you, dear uncle!

Sir P. Teaz. What, you rogue! don't you ask the girl's consent first!

Char. Surf. Oh, I have done that a long time — a minute ago — and she has looked yes.

Maria. For shame! Charles! — I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

Sir Oliv. Well, then, the fewer the better; — may your love for each other never know abatement! (3)

Sir P. Teaz. And may you live as happily together as lady Teazle and I intend to do!

Char. Surf. Rowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me: and I suspect that I owe you much.

Sir P. Teaz. Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

Char. Surf. Why as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about (4) it, but here shall be my monitor — my gentle guide — Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

Though thou, dear maid, should'st wave (5) thy beauty's sway (6) •

Thou still must rule (7), because I will obey:

An humble fugitive from Polly view,

No sanctuary near but Love and you; (To the audience.)

You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,

For even Scandal dies, if you approve.

-
- (1) Non occorre. (2) Nozze. (3) Diminuzione, scemamento.
(4) Accingermi a. (5) Rinunciare a. (6) Impero. (7) Reggere.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, — an old baronet, with a hasty (1) temper, but a good heart.

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, — his son, in love with (2) *Lydia*.
FAULKLAND, — *Julia's* lover.

ACRES, — a booby country squire (3), *Lydia's* suitor (4).

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER, — a true *Milesian* (5) baronet, with a hot head, and an empty purse.

FAG, — young *Absolute's* servant.

DAVID, — a rustic servant of *Acres*.

COACHMAN, — to sir *Anthony*.

MRS. MALAPROP, (6) — an elderly (7) lady who uses hard (8) words correctly, but in an improper sense.
The aunt of *Lydia*.

LYDIA LANGUISH, — a romantic damsel (9), in love with young *Absolute*, who passes with her for Ensign (10) *Beverley*.

JULIA, — sir *Anthony's* ward (11), in love with *Faulkland*.

LUCY, — *Lydia's* femme de chambre.

Scene: — *Bath*.

(1) Avventato, corrito, impaziente. (2) Invaghito di, amante di, (3) Balordo signorotto. (4) Pretendente. (5) Irlandese (stile bernesco). (6) Mal a proposito. (7) Attempata. (8) Dure, ricercate, altosonanti. (9) (Damigella), donzella, verginella. (10) Porta insegna, alfiere. (11) Pupilla.

THE RIVALS,

A COMEDY,

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

WITH

EXPLANATORY ITALIAN NOTES,

BY

JOHN MILLHOUSE.



ACT I. SCENE I. — *A Street in Bath.*

COACHMAN and FAG (1) *meeting.*

Fag. What! Thomas! — Sure, 'tis he! — What, Thomas! Thomas!

Coach. Hey? odds life! — Mr. Fag, give us your hand, my old fellow-servant!

Fag. Excuse my glove (2), Thomas; I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad! why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty! — but who the deuce (3) thought of seeing you in Bath?

(1) Faccendone, affacchinatore, dal verbo *to fag*, affaticarsi, travagliare come uno schiavo. (2) (Scusate il mio guanto), l'amore passa il guanto. (3) Diamine.

Coach. Sure, master, madam Juliã, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postilion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coach. Ay: master thought another fit (1) of the gout (2) was coming to make him a visit, so he'd a mind (3) to gi't the slip (4) — and whip (5) we were all off (6) at an hour's warning. (7)

Fag. Ay: ay; hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absöute.

Coach. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young master? Odds! Sir Anthony will stare (8) to see the captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

Coach. Why, sure!

Fag. At present, I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

Coach. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't (9) changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coach. No! why, didn't you say you had left young master?

Fag. No. — Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle (10) you no further; — briefly then — Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coach. The devil they are: do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning on't (11).

Fag. Why, then the cause of all this is love — love, Thomas, who has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coach. But, pray, why does your master pass only for ensign? — now, if he had shammed (12) general, indeed. —

Fag. Ah, Thomas! there lays (13) the mystery of the matter! Hark ye, Thomas, my master is in love

(1) Accesso. (2) Gotta, podagra. (3) He had a mind, egli aveva voglia, voleva. (4) Svignar via, scappare, piantarla. (5) (Frusta!) lesto! svelto! (6) Via. (7) Avvertimento, avviso. (8) Si stupirà. (9) Ha'n't, per have not. (10) Imbarazzare, imbrogliare. (11) Meaning (significato) of it. (12) Se egli si fosse spacciato per. (13) Lays invece di lies (giace, sta, è).

with a lady of a very singular taste — a lady who likes him better as a half-pay ensign than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet, of three thousand a year.

Coach. That is an odd taste, indeed! — But has she got the stuff (1), Mr. Fag? is she rich, eh?

Fag. Rich! why, I believe she owns half the stocks (2): — Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as I could (3) my washerwoman (4) — She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold — she feeds her parrot with small pearls, and all her thread-papers (5) are made of bank notes!

Coach. Bravo, faith — Odd! I warrant she has a set (6) of thousands at least; but does she draw kindly (7) with the captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coach. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish: — but there is an old tough aunt in the way (8), though by-the bye, she has never seen my master — for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit to Gloucestershire.

Coach. Well, I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony. But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath? I ha'heard a great deal of it; — here's a mort o'merry making (9), eh?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well — 'tis a good lounge (10) — but damn the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me — not a fiddle (11) or a card after eleven! however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up (12) a little in private

(1) *Stoffa, materia*, danaro. (2) *Possiede la metà dei fondi pubblici*. (3) *Qui si tace pay*. (4) *Lavandaia*. (5) *Thread, filo da cucire, rete*. (6) *Set, guernimento, assortimento; tiro a due, a quattro, a sei; quadriga*. (7) *Tira ella amorevolmente?* (8) *Coriace, (dura, ostinata), zia, (che osta) nella strada*. (9) *A mortal (quantity) of merrymaking, molte feste, moltissimi divertimenti*. (10) *Un ottimo luogo per uccidere il tempo, per passarlo balloccando, cioè nel vergognoso mestiere di non far nulla*. (11) *Violino*. (12) *Keep up (manteniamo) the spirit of gaiety, ci divertiamo*.

parties; I'll introduce you there, Thomas, you'll like him much. But, Thomas, you must polish a little — indeed you must. — Here, now, this wig (1): what the devil do you do with a wig, Thomas? none of the London whips (2), of any degree of ton, wear wigs now.

Coach. More's the pity (3), more's the pity, I say, Mr. Fag — Odds life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair (4), I thought how 'twould go next. Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot (5) on the bar (6), I guessed 'twould mount to the box (7)! but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look ye, I'll never give up mine, the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that. But hold, mark — mark, Thomas.

Coach. Zooks! (8) 'tis the captain! Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No, no, that is madam Lucy, my master's mistress' maid: they lodge at that house — but I must (9) after him, to tell him the news.

Coach. Odd, he's giving her money! — Well, Mr. Fag. —

Fag. Good bye, Thomas; I have an appointment in Gyde's porch, this evening at eight: meet me there, and we'll make a little party. (*Exeunt THOMAS, FAG.*)

SCENE II. — *A Dressing-Room in Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.*

LYDIA LANGUISH *sitting on a Sofa, with a Book in her hand; — Lucy, just returned from a message.*

Lucy. Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lyd. And could not you get « The Reward (10) of Constancy? »

(1) Parrucca. (2) Fruste, cocchieri. (3) Tanto peggio. (4) Had thrown away their wigs. (5) Got foot, messo piè. (6) Bar, (fr. Barreau, posto, panca degli avvocati nei tribunali); bilancia, (bilancina) di carrozza. (7) Cassetta del cocchiere. (8) Zooks, contrazione di God's books; per bacco!.. (9) Fly sottinteso. (10) Recompensa.

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor « The Fatal Connexion? »

Lucy. No, indeed, ma'am.

Lyd. Nor « Mistakes of the Heart?

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it (1), Mr. Bull said, Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetched it away (2).

Lyd. Heigho! (3) Did you inquire for « The Delicate Distress? »

Lucy. Or, « The Memoirs of Lady Woodford? »

— Yes, indeed ma'am, I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern (4) who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared (5) it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

Lyd. Heigho! Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me; she has a most observing thumb (6), and, I believe, cherishes her nails (7) for the convenience of making marginal notes. Well, child, what have you brought me?

Lucy. Oh, here, ma'am! (*Taking books from under her cloak, (8) and from her pockets.*) This is « The Man of Feeling. » (9) and this « Peregrine Pickle. » — Here are « The Tears of Sensibility, » and « Humphrey Clinker.

Lyd. Hold! here's some one coming — quick, see who it is — (*Exit Lucy.*) — Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

Re-enter Lucy.

Lucy. Lud, ma'am! here is Miss Neville!

Lyd. Is it possible!

Enter JULIA.

Lyd. My dearest Julia, how delighted I am! — (*They embrace.*) — How unexpected was this happiness!

(1) (Come la sventura l'ha voluto) per disgrazia. (2) Portato via. (3) Oimè! (4) Neghittosa, sudicia. (5) Dog's ear, orecchio di cane, to dog-ear a book, piegare i foglietti come le orecchie di un cane, incartocciarli. (6) Pollice. (7) Unghe. (8) Mantello. (9) Sentimento, sensibilità.

Jul. True, Lydia, and our pleasure is the greater; but what has been the matter? (1) you were denied to me at first.

Lyd. Ah, Julia; I have a thousand things to tell you! but first inform me what has conjured you to Bath? — Is sir Anthony here?

Jul. He is; we are arrived within this hour, and I suppose he will be here to wait on (2) Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dressed.

Lyd. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress; I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, though your prudence may condemn me: my letters have informed you of my whole connexion with Beverley; but I have lost him, Julia; — my aunt has discovered our intercourse (3), by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since. Yet would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish baronet, she met one night, since we have been here, at Lady Macshuffle's (4) rout (5).

Jul. You jest, Lydia.

Lyd. No, upon my word. — She really carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though (6), till she chooses to be known to him; but it is a Delia, or a Celia, I assure you.

Jul. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece?

Lyd. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become ten times more suspicious of mine. Then I must inform you of another plague; that odious Acres is to be in Bath to-day, so that, I protest, I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Jul. Come, come, Lydia hope for the best. Sir Anthony shall use his interest with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lyd. But you have not heard the worst. Unfortu-

(1) Ch'è seguito? (2) Fare una visita a. (3) (Relazioni), corrispondenza epistolare (4) To shuffle cards, mescolare le carte. (5) Conversazione, serata. (6) Though, per however.

nately I had quarrelled with my poor Beverley, just before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since to make it up (1).

Jul. What was his offence?

Lyd. Nothing at all; but I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel; and somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity; so, last thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was, at that time, paying his addresses to (2) another woman. I signed it, « Your unknown Friend, » showed it to Beverley, charged him with his falsehood; put myself in a violent passion, and vowed I'd never see him more.

Jul. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lyd. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out; I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've lost him for ever.

Jul. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. — Yet consider, Lydia, you tell me he is but an ensign; and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lyd. But, you know, I lose most of my fortune, if I marry, without my aunt's consent, till (3) of age; and that is what I have determined to do ever since I knew the penalty; nor could I love the man who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Jul. Nay, this is caprice!

Lyd. What, does Julia tax (4) me with caprice? I thought her lover Faulkland had inured (5) her to it.

Jul. I do not love even his faults.

Lyd. But you have sent to him, I suppose?

Jul. Not yet, upon my word! nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath. — Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden I could not inform him of it.

Lyd. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress, though

(1) Raccomodarlo. (2) Corteggiando. (3) Till I am twenty one years... (4) Tacciare, accusare. (5) Avvezzato, assuefatto.

under the protection of Sir Anthony; yet have you, for this long year, been a slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Jul. Nay, you are wrong entirely. We were contracted (1) before my father's death: that, and some consequent embarrassments, have delayed what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish. He is too generous to trifle on such a point; and, for his character, you wrong him there too. No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble, to be jealous; if he is captious (2), 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness. Unused to the sopperies of love (3), he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover; but, being unhacknied (4) in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and, as it engrosses (5) his whole soul, he expects every look and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his. Yet, though his pride calls for (6) this full return (7), his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in himself, which would entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be loved to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not loved enough. This, I must own, has cost me many unhappy hours; but I have learned to think myself his debtor for those imperfections which arise from the ardour of his attachment.

Lyd. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him; but, tell me candidly, Julia, had he never saved your life, do you think you should have been attached to him as you are? Believe me, the rude blast that overset (8) your boat was a prosperous gale (9) of love to him.

Jul. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I loved him before he had

(1) Fidanzati. (2) Cazioso. (3) Fraschierie, baie, futilità. (4) Poco accostumato, non logorato, non blasé. (5) Occupa, riempie. (6) Richiede, esige. (7) Contraccambio. (8) Bufera che rovesciò. (9) Vento favorevole.

preserved me; yet, surely, that alone were (1) an obligation sufficient —

Lyd. Obligation! why, a water-spaniel would have done as much! Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim! — What's here?

Enter Lucy, in a hurry.

Lucy. O, ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute, just come home with your aunt!

Lyd. They'll not come here: — Lucy, do you watch.
(*Exit Lucy.*)

Jul. Yet I must go; Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to show me the town. I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words, so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O lud, ma'am! they are both coming up stairs.

Lyd. Well, I'll not detain you. Adieu, my dear Julia! I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland. There — through my room you'll find another staircase.

Jul. Adieu!
(*Exit.*)

Lyd. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books. Quick, quick. Fling (2) « Peregrine Pickle » under the toilet — throw « Roderick Random » into the closet — put « The Innocent Adultery » into « The Whole Duty of Man » thrust (3) « Lord Aimworth » under the sofa — cram (4) « Ovid » behind the bolster (5) — there — put « The Man of Feeling » into your pocket. Now for them!

(*Exit Lucy.*)

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. M. There, Sir Anthony, there stands the deliberate (6) simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family and lavish (7) herself on a fellow not worth (8) a shilling.

(1) Were per would be. (2) Scagliate. (3) Ficcate. (4) Cacciate. (5) Cuscino. traversino. (6) Ella vuol dire, illiterate, inconsiderate. (7) Scialacquare) gettar via. (8) Che non ha.

Lyd. Madam, I thought you once —

Mrs. M. You thought, miss! I don't know any business (1) you have to think at all; thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you would promise to forget this fellow — to illiterate (2) him, I say, from your memory.

Lyd. Ah! madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. M. But I say it is, miss! there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it (3). I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle, as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Lyd. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

Mrs. M. Now don't attempt to extirpate (4) yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible (5) of it. But, tell me, will you promise me to do as you're bid? (6) Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

Lyd. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. M. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that, as both always wear off (7), 'tis safest, in matrimony, to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle, before marriage, as if he'd been a black-amoor (8); and yet, miss, you are sensible (9) what a wife I made; and, when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But, suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

(1) *Affare* diritto. (2) *Obliterate*, cancellare. (3) *Se si vuol accingervisi* (4) *Exculpate* (5) *Incontrovertibile*, incontrastabile. (6) *Comandata*. (7) *Si sperdono*, vengono meno, si deleguano. (8) *Moro*, negro. (9) *Sapete*, conoscete.

Lyd. Could I belie (1) my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. M. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill humours.

Lyd. Willingly, ma'am; I cannot change for, the worse. *(Exit.*

Mrs. M. There's a little intricate hussy (2) for you!

Sir Anth. It is not to be wondered at (3), ma'am; all that is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library: she had a book in each hand — they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers; from that moment, I guessed (4) how full of duty I should see her mistress!

Mrs. M. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Madam, a circulating library in a town is, as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! — It blossoms through (5) the year! And, depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves (6), will long for (7) the fruit at last.

Mrs. M. Fie, fie Sir Anthony; you surely speak laconically (8).

Sir Anth. Why Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. M. Observe me, Sir Anthony — I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny (9) of learning: I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; — for instance — I would never let her meddle (10) with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra, or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; nor will it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathe-

(1) Smentire. (2) Intriguing) hussy pettegola, impertinente (3) Non bisogna stupirsi (4) Indovinar, giudicar. (5) Fiorisce per tutto. (6) Toccar (maneggiare) le foglie. (7) Sospirare, anelare. (8) Ironically. (9) Prodigy, portentoso. (10) Impacciarsi.

matical, astronomical. diabolical instruments ; but, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious (1) knowledge in accounts: and, as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry (2), that she might know something of the contagious (3) countries: above all, she should be taught orthodoxy (4). This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know; and I don't think there is a superstitious (5) article in it.

Sir Anth. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you: though I must confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, to the more important point in debate — you say you have no objection to my proposal?

Mrs. M. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres; and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. M. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection (6) on his side.

Sir Anth. Objection! — Let him object if he dare! — No, no, Mrs. Malaprop; Jack knows, that the least demur (7) puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple — in his younger days, 'twas « Jack (8), do this. » — if he demurred, I knocked him down (9); and, if he grumbled (10) at that. I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. M. Ay, and the properest way, o' my conscience! — Nothing is so conciliating to young people

(1) *Superficial.* (2) *Geography.* (3) *Contiguous.* (4) *Orthography.* (5) *Superfluous.* (6) *Will he made taciuto.* (7) *(Dubbio) esitanza, pretesto allegato.* (8) *Giovanino.* (9) *Lo stramazza.* (10) *Borbottava, mormorava.*

as severity. Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge (1), and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations; and I hope you will represent her to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible (2).

Sir Anth. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently. I must leave you; and, let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl — take my advice, keep a tight hand (3) — if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key (4); and, if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about (5). *(Exit.*

Mrs. M. Well, at any rate (6), I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition (7); she has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger (8). Sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me! — No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it. Lucy! Lucy! *(Calls.)* Had she been one of your artificial (9) ones, I should never have trusted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, ma'am?

Mrs. M. Yes, girl. Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No indeed ma'am; not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. M. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mentioned —

Lucy. O gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out!

Mrs. M. Well, don't let your simplicity be imposed on (10).

Lucy. No ma'am.

Mrs. M. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius — but mind, Lucy,

(1) Commiato, licenza. (2) *Ineligibile*. (3) A tight (*ferma, stretta*) hand on the reins, (redini). (4) (Mettetela sotto serratura e chiave), confinatela, chiudetela nella sua camera. (5) How she would come round, how manageable (*manevole*) she would become. (6) Ad ogni evento. (7) Tuition, tutela, cura. (8) Il cavaliere Lucio del grilletto. (9) Artful. (10) Ingannata.

if ever you betray what you are entrusted with (1) (unless it be other people's secrets to me), you forfeit my malevolence (2) forever; and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality (3). (*Exit.*)

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! So my dear simplicity, let me give you a little respite; (*Altering her manner*) — let girls in my station be as fond as they please of being expert and knowing in their trust, commend me to a mask of silliness and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it! — Let me see to what account I have turned my simplicity lately; (*Looks at a paper.*) « For abetting (4) Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an ensign! in money sundrytimes (5) twelve pound twelve (6) — gowns, five; hats, ruffles, caps, etc., etc., » numberless. « From the said ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half. Item from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her » — when I found matters were likely to be discovered, — « two guineas and a French shawl. — Item, from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters » — which I never delivered, — « two guineas and a pair of buckles. Item, from Sir Lucius O' Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket pieces and a silver snuffbox! » — Well done, simplicity! yet I was forced to make my Hibernian (7) believe, that he was corresponding, not with the aunt, but with the niece; for, though not over (8) rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. (*Exit.*)

ACT II. SCENE I. *Captain Absolute's lodgings.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE and FAG.

Fag. Sir, while I was there, Sir Anthony came in; I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

(1) If ever you divulge the secrets that are confided to you. (2) Benevolence. (3) Loquacity, garrulity. (4) Per aver aiuto. (5) Diverse volte. (6) Shillings. (7) Irlandese. (8) Troppo.

Capt. A. And what did he say on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life, I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished!

Capt. A. Well, sir, and what did you say?

Fag. O, lied, sir — I forget the precise lie, but, you may depend on't he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious indeed.

Capt. A. You have said nothing to them?

Fag. O, not a word, sir — not a word. — Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips) —

Capt. A. Sdeath! — you rascal! — you have not trusted him?

Fag. Oh, no, sir, — no — no — not a syllable, upon my veracity! — He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir — devilish sly! — My master (said I), honest Thomas (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to recruit — yes, sir — I said to recruit — and whether for men, money, or constitution (1), you know, sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Capt. A. Well — recruit will do — let it be so —

Fag. Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly; — indeed, to give the thing an air (2), I told Thomas that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chairmen (3) seven minority waiters (4) and thirteen billiard markers.

Capt. A. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, sir — I beg pardon. — But, with submission, a lie is nothing unless (5) well supported.

(1) To recruit (*reclutare, rinforzare*) your regiment, your purse or your health. (2) *Si tace of veracity, of truth.* (3) *Portantini.* (4) *Giovani, camerieri.* (5) *Si tace it be.*

Sir, whenever I draw (1) on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge (2) endorsements as well as the bill (5).

Capt. A. Well, take care you don't hurt (4) your credit by offering too much security. Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, sir, changing his dress.

Capt. A. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman (3), who was with him at Bristol. I think, sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down.

Capt. A. Go, tell him I am here.

Fag. Yes, sir — (*Going.*) I beg pardon, sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember that we are recruiting, if you please.

Cap. A. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation; — for though I never scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Now for my whimsical (6) friend: — If he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him —

Enter FAG.

Fag. Mr. Faulkland, sir.

(*Exit.*)

Re-enter FAG, introduces MR. FAULKLAND, and exit.

Capt. A. Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again: you are punctual in your return.

Faulk. Yes; I had nothing to detain me when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Capt. A. Faith, much as they were.

Faulk. Nay, then, you trifle too long — if you are sure of her, propose to the aunt, in your own character, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

(1) To draw, tirare (una cambiale.) (2) To forge, falsare. (3) Cambiale, tratta. (4) Ledere, guastare. (5) Cameriere, primo cameriere. (6) Bizzaro, eccentrico.

Capt. A. Softly, softly, for though I am convinced my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friends' consent, a regular humdrum (1) wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side. Well, but Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the hotel?

Faulk. Indeed, I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Capt. A. By heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover! — Do love like (2) a man.

Faulk. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not like mine, fixed immutably on one only object. You throw for a large stake (3), but, losing, you could stake and throw again; but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast (4), and not to succeed were to be stripped (5) of all.

Capt. A. But, for heaven's sake (6)! what grounds for apprehension, can your whimsical brain conjure (7) up at present?

Faulk. What grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand? I fear for her spirits — her health — her life — O! Jack, when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze but hints (8) some cause for a lover's apprehension!

Capt. A. Ay, but we may choose whether we will take the hint or not. So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well, and in spirits, you would be entirely content?

Faulk. I should be happy beyond measure — I am anxious only for that.

Capt. A. Then cure your anxiety at once, Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

(1) Stupido, noioso, ordinario. (2) Amate, fate di amare come. (3) somma, messa, posta. (4) Getto (del dadl.) (5) Spogliato, privato. (6) Per l'amor del cielo. (7) Evocare, trovare, immaginare. (8) Suggestisce, accenna.

Faulk. Nay, Jack — don't trifle with me.

Capt. A. She is arrived here with my father, within this hour.

Faulk. Can you be serious?

Capt. A. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind. — Seriously then, it is as I tell you, upon my honour.

Faulk. My dear Jack — now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres, just arrived, is below.

Capt. A. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever since you left her. *Fag*, show the gentleman up (1). *(Exit FAG.)*

Faulk. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Capt. A. Oh, very intimate; he is likewise a rival of mine — that is, of my other self's, for he does not think his friend, Captain Absolute, ever saw the lady in question; and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of one Beverley, a conceited (2) skulking (3) rival, who —

Faulk. Hush! — He's here!

Enter ACRES.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how dost thou? just arrived, faith, as you see. — Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack — odds whips and wheels (4), I've travelled like a comet, with a tail of dust (5) all the way as long as the Mall (6).

Capt. A. Ah! Bob (7) you are indeed an eccentric planet, but we know your attraction hither; give me leave to introduce Mr. Faulkland to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: sir,

(1) Fate salire il signore. (2) Vanarello, vanitoso. (3) Che si nasconde come una lepre. (4) Ruote. (5) Codazza di polvere. (6) Pall-mal (London). il Corso Orientale (Milano). (7) *Bob* diminutivo (volgare) di *Robert*.

I solicit your connexions. — Hey, Jack — what this is Mr. Faulkland, who —

Capt. A. Ay, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man!

Faulk. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, sir; I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, sir; never better. Odds blushes and blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulk. Indeed! I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, sir; only said to vex you: quite the reverse, I assure you. *(Retires.)*

Faulk. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almost fretted myself ill (1).

Capt. A. Now are you angry with your mistress for not having been sick?

Faulk. No, no, you misunderstand me: yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love. Now — confess — isn't there something unkind in this violent, robust, unfeeling health?

Capt. A. Oh, it was very unkind of her to be well in your absence, to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack. *(Coming forward.)*

Faulk. Well, sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so exceedingly well — what then, she has been merry and gay, I suppose? — always in spirits, hey?

Acres. Merry! odds crickets (2) she has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been — so lively and entertaining! so full of wit and humour! *(Retires up the stage.)*

Faulk. By my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome (3)? — What! happy and I away.

(1) Vessato, annoiato al segno da divenir ammalato (2) Grilli,
(3) Vincere.

Capt. A. Just now, you were only apprehensive for your mistress' spirits.

Faulk. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Capt. A. No, indeed, you have not.

Faulk. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Capt. A. Oh, upon my word, I acquit (1) you.

Faulk. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Capt. A. No, 'faith, to do you justice, you have been confoundedly stupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Capt. A. He is only expressing great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy — that's all — hey, Faulkland?

Faulk. Yes, yes, she has a happy disposition!

Acres. That she has, indeed — then she is so accomplished — so sweet a voice — so expert at her harpsichord — such a mistress of flat and sharp (2); squallante, rumblante, and quiverante (3)! — there was this time month — odds minums and crotchets (4) how she did chirup (5) at Mrs. Piano's concert! (*Sings.*) *My heart's my own, my will* (6) *is free.* That's very like her.

Faulk. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! 'Sdeath! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger (7) of a circle! to sooth (8) her light heart with catches (9) and glees (10)! What can you say to this, sir?

Capt. A. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, sir.

Faulk. Nay, nay, nay — I'm not sorry that she has been happy; no, I am glad of that — but she has been dancing too, I doubt not.

(1) Vi dichiaro non colpevole, vi assolvo. (2) Dei tuoni gravi ed acuti, delle note gravi e bisquadre. (3) (Parole inglesi con desinenze italiane) strillante, romoreggiante, trillante. (4) Minima. (nota bianca), croma, crotchet, nota nera. (5) Cantare allegramente, gorgheggiare come gli uccelli. (6) Is my own, è mio proprio, io non amo nessuno. (7) Balladmonger, quella che canta e vende ballate nelle piazze. (8) Rallegrare. (9) Canzone a ripresa. (10) Glee, giovialità, glees, piccole canzoni allegrissime.

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Capt. A. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Ay, truly does she — there was at our last race ball —

Faulk. Hell and the devil! (*Acres goes suddenly to him*) There! there — I told you so! I told you so! oh! she thrives (1) in my absence! Dancing!

Capt. A. For heaven's sake, Faulkland, don't expose yourself so! — Suppose she has danced, what then? does not the ceremony of society often oblige —

Faulk. Well, well, I'll contain myself — perhaps, as you say — for form's sake. I say Mr. — Mr. — What's his damned name?

Capt. A. Acres, Acres.

Faulk. O ay, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a minuet — hey?

Acres. Oh, I dare insure her for that — but what I was going to speak of, was her country dancing: odds swimnings! she has such an air with her!

Faulk. Now, disappointment on her! defend this, Absolute! why don't you defend this? country dances! jigs and reels! (2) am I to blame now? A minuet I could have forgiven — I should not have minded that — I say, I should not have regarded a minuet — but country dances! Z — ds, had she made one in a cotillion — I believe I could have forgiven even that — but to be monkey-led (3) for a night! to run the gauntlet (4) through a string (5) of amorous palming (6) puppies! to show paces, like a managed filly! (7) Oh, Jack, there never can be but one man in the world whom a truly modest and delicate woman ought to pair with in a country dance; and, even then, the

(1) Prospera, fiorisce, si ringalluza. (2) Gighe e danze scozzesi. (3) Ma essere menata (strascinata) come una scimmia. (4) Passare per le bacchette, correre alle giostre, correre la lizza. (5) Filza, fila, schiera. (6) Cagnetti, vanarelli che vi stringono la mano. (7) Mostrare (i diversi) passi, come una puledra bene addestrata, far pompa dei suoi vezzi.

rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Capt. A. Ay, to be sure! grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulk. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, it will spread like a contagion, the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movement of the jig, their quivering, warm-breathed sighs impregnate the air, — the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts through every link of the chain! I must leave you, I own I am somewhat flurried (1), and that confounded looby (2) has perceived it. *(Going.)*

Capt. A. Nay, but stay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulk. D — n his news!

Capt. A. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland! Five minutes since — « nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness! »

Acres. The gentleman wasn't angry at my praising his mistress, was he?

Capt. A. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? ha! ha! jealous of me? — that's a good joke!

Cap. A. There's nothing strange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of yours will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke — ah! ah! mischief — ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property! my dear Lydia has forestalled (3) me. She could never abide (4) me in the country, because I used to dress so badly — but, odds frogs (5) and tambours! I sha'n't take matters so here — now ancient madam has no voice in it — I'll make my old clothes know who's master — I'll shall straitway cashier (6) the hunting-frock, and render my leather breeches incapable (7) — My hair has been in training (8) some time.

(1) Turbato, commosso. (2) Maledetto bietolone. (3) Pre-occupato, prevenuto. (4) Sopportare. (5) Rane. (6) Licenziare. (7) Brache di cojo incapaci di servire (*term. militare*) (8) Ad educare, disciplinare.

Capt. A. Indeed!

Acres. Ay — and tho'f the side-curles are a little restive (1), my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Capt. A. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so — then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! (2) I'll make him know the difference o't.

Capt. A. Spoke like a man — but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing—

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it — 'tis genteel, isn't it? — I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our militia, a great scholar, I assure you, says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable; because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say; by Jove! or by Bacchus! or by Mars! or by Venus! or by Pallas! according to the sentiment; — so that to swear with propriety, says my little major, the oath should be an echo to the sense; and this we call the oath referential, or sentimental swearing — ha! ha! ha! it's genteel, isn't it?

Capt. A. Very genteel, and very new indeed — and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Ay, ay, the best terms will grow obsolete (3). Damns have had their day (4).

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir. there is a gentleman below desires to see you — Shall I show him into the parlour?

Capt. A. Ay — you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone —

Capt. A. Stay: who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, sir.

Capt. A. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? *(Exit FAG.)*

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony. — I

(1) Quantunque i ricci dei tempi siano alquanto restii.
(2) Grillette e pietre a focaia. (3) Antiquate. (4) Ormai non sono più di moda.

expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop, at my lodgings, I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia. (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. That I will, with all my heart. Now for a parental lecture (1), I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here — I wish the gout had held him fast (2) in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well! — your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anth. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. — What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A. Yes, sir, I am on duty (5).

Sir Anth. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. — Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague (4) you a long time. — Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed (3) you, is but a small pittance (6) for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. — I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A. Sir, your kindness overpowers me (7). —

(1) Un paternale. (2) Fermo, ficcato. (3) Di servizio. (4) Sec-carvi. (5) Finora assegnato. (6) Cosa meschina. (7) Mi soprafa.

Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A. My wife, sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, settle that between you — settle that between you.

Capt. A. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Ay, a wife — why, did I not mention that before?

Capt. A. Not a word of her, sir.

Sir Anth. Odd so! — I mustn't forget her though — Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage — the fortune is saddled (1) with a wife; but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A. Sir! sir! you amaze (2) me!

Sir Anth. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A. I was, sir. — You talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Why what difference does that make? — Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock (3) on it, as it stands.

Capt. A. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. What's that to you, sir? — Come, give me your promise to love and to marry her directly.

Capt. A. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable; to summon my affections for a Lady I know nothing of?

Sir Anth. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Hark ye, Jack; — I have heard you for some time with patience — I have been cool — quite cool; but take care — you know I am compliance itself, when I am not thwarted (4); no one more easily led'

(1) Sellata, caricata, aggravata. (2) Mi sbalordite, mi sgomentate (3) Se avrete la tenuta, bisognerà prendere il bestame che vi si trova. (4) Contrariato, attraversato.

when I have my own way; but don't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A. Sir, I must repeat it — in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Now d — n me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A. Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Sir, I won't hear a word — not a word, not one word! so give me your promise by a nod (1). And I'll tell you what, Jack — I mean, you dog — if you don't, by —

Capt. A. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness!

Sir Anth. Z — ds, sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump (2) on each shoulder! she shall be as crooked (3) as the crescent: her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum. She shall have a skin (4) like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew (5). She shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her (6) all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve (7); I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please, it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A. Indeed, sir, I was never cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. 'Tis a confounded lie! — I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog — but it won't do.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word —

(1) Cenzo di testa. (2) Gobba. (3) Curva, storta. (4) Pelle. (5) Barba d' un Ebreo (6) Guardarla con occhio amoroso: vagheggiarla. (7) Manica.

Sir Anth. So you will fly out! (1) can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can passion do? Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, over-bearing (2) reprobate! — There, you sneer again! — don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper — you do, you dog; you play upon the meekness (3) of my disposition! Yet, take care — the patience of a saint may be overcome at last! — but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why — confound you! I may in time forgive you, — if not, z — ds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me; don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees (4), and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown (5) you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget (6) you! and d — n me! if ever I call you Jack again! (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, sir, your father is wroth (7) to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time, muttering, growling (8), and thumping the banisters (9) all the way; I, and the cook's dog (10), stand bowing at the door — rap! he gives me a stroke (11) on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master; then kicking the poor turnspit (12) into the area, d — ns us all for a puppy triumvirate! — Upon my credit, sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Capt. A. Cease your impertinence, sir — did you come in for nothing more? Stand out of the way.

(*Pushes him aside, and exit.*)

(1) To fly out into a passion, andare nelle furie. (2) Prepotente. (3) Vi fate giuoco della mansuetudine. (4) Fide-Commissari. (5) Negare, repudiare. (6) Dis-generare. (7) Adirato. (8) Borbottando, urlando. (9) Percuotendo le balustrate. (10) Giovane del cuoco, (di cucina). (11) Colpo. (12) Gettando con un colpo di piede il povero gira-rosto.

Fag. So! Sir Anthony trims (1) my master: he is afraid to reply to his father, then vents his spleen (2) on poor Fag! When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way, shows the worst of temper, the basest —

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your master calls you.

Fag. Well! you little, dirty puppy, you needn't bawl (3) so — the meanest disposition, the —

Boy. Quick, quick! Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick, quick! you impudent jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too, you little, impertinent insolent, kitchen bred — *(Kicks him off (4).)*

SCENE II. — *The North Parade.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So, I shall have another rival to add to my mistress's list — Captain Absolute. However I shall not enter his name till my purse has received due notice in form. Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his dear Dalia, as he calls her: — I wonder he's not here!

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. Hah! my little ambassadress; upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half hour.

Lucy (Speaking simply) O gemini! and I have been waiting for your worship here on the North.

Sir L. 'Faith! may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out, and I not see you — for I was only taking a nap (5) at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the window, on purpose that I might not miss you (6).

Lucy. My stars! Now I'd wager a sixpence I went by (7) while you were asleep.

Sir L. Sure enough it must have been so, and I ne-

(1) Acconcia. (2) Sfoga il suo cattivo umore. (3) Schlamaz-zare. (4) Lo caccia via con calci. (5) Sonnicella. (6) Affinchè io non mancassi di vedervi. (7) Io passava.

ver dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have — I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir L. I'faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed; well, let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy. There, Sir Lucius. *(Gives him a letter.)*

Sir L. (Reads.) « Sir, — *There is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction (1) than years of domestic combination (2); such was the commotion (3) I felt at the first superfluous (4) view of Sir Lucius O' Trigger.* » Very pretty upon my word! « *Female punctuation (5) forbids me to say more! yet, let me add, that it will give me joy infallible (6) to find Sir Lucius worthy the last criterion of my affection.*

« Yours, while meretricious, (7)

« DELIA. »

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great mistress of language! 'Faith! she's quite the queen of the dictionary; for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call, though one would think it was quite out of hearing (8).

Lucy. Ay, sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir L. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O, true, sir — but then she reads so — my stars! how she will read off hand! (9)

Sir L. 'Faith she must be very deep read (10), to write this way; though she is rather an arbitrary writer, too: for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* (11) from any court in Christendom. However, when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.

(1) Seduction. (2) Cohabitation. (3) Emotion. (4) Superficial. (5) Punctilio. (6) Ineffable. (7) Meritorious. (8) Fuori (al di là) della portata della voce (udito). (9) A prima vista, speditamente. (10) Bisogna che ella abbia letto molto, che sia erudita. (11) Diritto di comparire nel tribunale per essere giudicato.

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir L. Oh! tell her; I'll make her the best husband in the world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain! But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent, and do every thing fairly (1).

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice (2).

Sir L. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it (3): I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action. If I did not want money, I'd steal (4) your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure. However, my pretty girl, (*Giving her money*) here's a little something to buy you a ribband: and meet me in the evening, and I will give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss beforehand (5), to put you in mind.

(*Kisses her.*)

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius — I never see such a gentleman! My lady won't like you if you are so impudent.

Sir L. 'Faith she will, Lucy, that same — pho! (6) what's the name of it? — modesty — is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked, so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty, my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir L. Ah, then, you baggage (7) I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir L. O'faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

(*Sees FAG. — Exit, singing.*)

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, ma'am; I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud! now, Mr. Fag, you flurry (8) one so.

Fag. Come, come Lucy, here's no one by — so a little

(1) Bel bello, con decoro. (2) Delicato, schifiltoso, schizinoso. (3) Dato nel segno. (4) Ruberei. (5) Anticipatamente. (6) Oibò! (7) Bagascia. (8) Conturbate, agitate.

less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please. You play false with us, madam. I saw you give the baronet a letter. My master shall know this; and if he don't call him out — I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty! That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton. She is taken with (1) Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what taste some people have! Why I have walked by her window a hundred times (2). But what says our young lady? any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news, Mr. Fag! A worse rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so. — I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, 'faith! Good b'ye Lucy: I must away with this news. (*Crosses.*)

Lucy. Well, you may laugh, but it is true, I assure you, (*Going up*). But, Mr. Fag, tell your master not to be cast down (3) by this.

Fag. Oh, he'll be so disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear — never fear.

Lucy. Be sure, bid him keep up his spirits (4).

Fag. We will — we will. (*Exeunt FAG. and LUCY.*)

ACT III. SCENE I. *The North Parade.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed! Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however, I'll read my recantation (5) instantly. My conversion is something sudden,

(1) *Invaghita di.* (2) And yet she is not taken with me, with my (beautiful) figure, (3) *Abbattuto.* (4) *di farsi coraggio.* (5) *Ritrattazione, palinodia.*

indeed; but I can assure him, it is very sincere. So, so, here he comes: he looks plaguy gruff (1).

(Steps aside.

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. No — I'll die sooner than forgive him! Die did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper — an obstinate — passionate — selfwilled (2) boy! Who can he take after (3)? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him at twelve years old into a marching regiment (4); and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since! But I have done with him — he's any body's son for me — I never will see him more—never—never—never—never.

Capt. A. Now for a penitential face! *(Comes forward.*

Sir Anth. Fellow, get out of my way!

Capt. A. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. I see an impudent scoundrel (5) before me.

Capt. A. A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. What's that?

Capt. A. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Well, sir?

Capt. A. I have been likewise weighing, and balancing, what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense! I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Capt. A. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Why then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but

(1) Arcigno, torvo, di cattivo nmore. (2) Testardo (3) A chi (della nostra famiglia) può egli rassomigliare? (4) Reggimento (di linea) che va ad affrontare il nemico. (5) Birbante, scellerato.

your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture, prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Capt. A. Languish! What the Languishes of Worcestershire.

Sir Anth. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country, just before you were last ordered to your regiment?

Capt. A. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet stay: I think I do recollect something — Languish — Languish — She squints, don't she? (1) A little red-haired (2) girl?

Sir Anth. Squints! A red-haired girl! Z—ds! no!

Capt. A. Then I must have forgot! it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Capt. A. As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles (3) some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks! Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes (4)! Then, Jack, her lips! O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion! and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting (5) — more lovely in sullenness (5)! Then, Jack, her neck (5)! O, Jack! Jack!

Capt. A. And which is to be mine, sir, the niece or the aunt?

Sir Anth. Why you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket (6)! the aunt, indeed! Odds life! when I ran away with your mother,

(1) È losca, non è vero? (2) Rossa-crinata, a' capelli rossi. (3) Esprime ed accende. (4) Occhi parlanti. (5) Facendo un mal viso, facendo la spregiosa, la schizzinosa. (6) Cattivo umore, ritrosaggine. (7) Collo, seno. (8) Razzo.

I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Capt. A. Not to please your father, sir?

Sir Anth. To please my father — Z — ds! not to please, O, my father, Oddso! yes, yes; if my father, indeed had desired, that's quite another matter. Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Capt. A. I dare say not, sir?

Sir Anth. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful?

Capt. A. Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, sir, if you please to recollect you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye; and a few more graces of that kind — now without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back, and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet, as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. What a phlegmatic sot (1) it is! Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite! A vile, insensible stock (2). You a soldier! you're a walking block (3), fit only to dust (4) the company's regimentals on! Odds life, I have a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Capt. A. I am entirely at your disposal, sir; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself. I suppose you would have me marry the aunt: or if you should change your mind (5) and take the old lady, 'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

Sir Anth. Upon my word, Jack, thou art either a very great hypocrite, or — but; come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie — I'm sure it must — come now, d — n your

(1) Babbuasso, scimunito, balordo, (ubbriaccone). (2) Plantone, tronco d' albero. (3) Porta-mantello. (4) Spolverare, spazzettare. (5) Cambiare d'avviso.

demure face; come, confess, Jack, you have been lying — han't you? You have been playing the hypocrite: hey? I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Capt. A. I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir. Anth. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me. (*Crosses.*) I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you — come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back stark mad with rapture and impatience — if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. — JULIA'S Dressing-Room.

Enter FAULKLAND.

Faulk. They told me Julia would return directly: I wonder she is not yet come! — How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! What tender honest joy sparkled (1) in her eyes when we met! How delicate was the warmth of her expressions! — I was ashamed to appear less happy, though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding (2). Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations: yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so very happy in my absence. She is coming — yes, I know the nimbleness of her tread (3), when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay (4).

Enter JULIA.

Jul. I had not hoped to see you again so soon.

Faulk. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome (5), restrained (6), as we were, by the presence of a third person?

Jul. Oh, Faulkland! when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I have discovered something of coolness in your first salutation.

(1) Scintillava, si leggeva. (2) Riprendimento. (3) Snellezza, sveltezza, de' suoi passi. (4) (Soggiorno), assenza. (5) Accoglienza, abbracciamento. (6) In soggezione.

Faulk. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia, I was rejoiced to see you — to see you in such health: sure I had no cause for coldness.

Jul. Nay, then, I see you have taken something ill; you must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulk. Well, then, shall I own to you, that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped (1), by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire; on your mirth — your singing — dancing — and I know not what: for such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence, as a treason to constancy. The mutual tear, that steals down the cheek of parting lovers, is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

Jul. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing, minute caprice! Can the idle reports of a silly boor (2) weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulk. They have no weight with me, Julia: no, no, I am happy, if you have been so — yet only say that you did not sing with mirth — say that you thought of Faulkland in the dance.

Jul. I never can be happy in your absence. If I wear a countenance of content, it is to show that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth. Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulk. You were ever all goodness to me! Oh, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Jul. If ever, without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering (3)

(1) Uggiata, diminuita. (2) Imbecille bifolco. (3) Gambiarsi, alterarsi.

but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff (1) for levity and base ingratitude!

Faulk. Ah? Julia! that last word is grating to me! I would I had no title to your gratitude! Search your heart, Julia: perhaps what you have mistaken for love, is but a warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Jul. For what quality must I love you?

Faulk. For no quality; to regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to esteem me! And for person — I have often wished myself deformed, to be convinced that I owed no obligation there for any part of your affection.

Jul. Where nature has bestowed a show of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it as misplaced. I have seen men, who in this vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulk. Now, this is not well from you, Julia; I despise person in a man, yet, if you love me as I wish, though I were an *Æthiop*, you'd think none so fair.

Jul. I see you are determined to be unkind. — The contract, which my poor father bound us in, gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulk. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts. How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought or promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Jul. Then try me now — Let us be free as strangers as to what is past: my heart will not feel more liberty.

Faulk. There, now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not loose your hold (2) even though I wished it!

Jul. Oh, you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it!

Faulk. I do not mean to distress you; if I loved you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.

(1) Beffa, ludibrio. (2) Lasciare la presa.

I would not boast, yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, nor character, to found dislike on (1); my fortune such, as few ladies could be charged with indiscretion in the match. O, Julia! when love receives such countenance from prudence, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Jul. I know not whither your insinuations would tend; but as they seem pressing to insult me, I will spare you the regret of having done so — I have given no cause for this! *(Exit crying.)*

Faulk. In tears! stay, Julia — stay, but for a moment — The door is fastened! Julia! my soul! but for one moment! — I hear her sobbing! (2) Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! — yet stay — Ay, she is coming now: how little resolution there is in woman! how a few soft words can turn them! *(Sits down and sings.)* No, Z — ds! she's not coming, nor don't intend it, I suppose! This is not steadiness, but obstinacy! Yet I deserve it. What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness! 'twas barbarous and unmanly! — I should be ashamed to see her now. — I'll wait till her just resentment is abated, and when I distress her so again, may I lose her for ever.

(Exit.)

SCENE III. — *Mrs. Malaprop's Lodgings.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, with a Letter in her hand,

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE following.

Mrs. M. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accomodation (3); but from the ingenuity (4) of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Capt. A. Permit me to say, madam, that as I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair, at present, is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop, of whose

(1) Calculated (*fatto per*) to excite dislike. (2) Singhiozzare. (3) In vece di recommendation. (4) Igenuousness.

intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unafected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. M. Sir, you do me infinite honour! I beg, Captain, you'll be seated. — (*Both sit*) — Ah! few gentlemen, now-a-days, know how to value the ineffectual (1) qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes a gentlewoman! Men have no sense, now, but for the worthless flower of beauty.

Capt. A. It is but too true, indeed, ma'am; yet I fear our ladies should share the blame; they think our admiration of beauty so great, that knowledge, in them, would be superfluous. Thus, like garden trees, they seldom show fruit, till time has robbed them of the more specious blossoms; few, like Mrs. Malaprop, and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once.

Mrs. M. Sir, you overpower me with good breeding — He is the very pine-apple (2) of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy (3) girl has, somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, strolling (4), eves-dropping (5) ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Capt. A. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before. I'm not at all prejudiced against her on that account. But it must be very distressing, indeed, to you, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Oh, it gives me the hydrostatics (6) to such a degree! — I thought she had persisted (7) from corresponding with him; but behold, this very day, I have interceded (8) another letter from the fellow — I believe I have it in my pocket.

Capt. A. O, the devil! my last note! (*Aside.*

Mrs. M. Ay, here it is.

Capt. A. Ay, my note, indeed! O, the little traitress, Lucy! (*Aside.*

Mrs. M. There, perhaps you may know the writing.
(*Gives him the letter.*

(1) Intellectual. (2) Pink, garofano, fiore, quintessenza. (3) Stordita. (4) Girovago, vagabondo. (5) Eves-dropping, che ascolta alle porte e sotto le finestre; che si nasconde, s'appiatta. (6) Hysterics, convulsioni. (7) Desisted. (8) Intercepted.

Capt. A. I think I have seen the hand before — yes, I certainly must have seen this hand before.

Mrs. M. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Capt. A. (*Reads*) « *My soul's idol, my adored Lydia!* » — Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. M. Tender! ay, and profane too, o' my conscience!

Capt. A. « *I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival* » —

Mrs. M. That's you, sir.

Capt. A. « *Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.* » Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. M. Oh, the fellow has some design in writing so.

Capt. A. That he had, I'll answer for him, ma'am.

Mrs. M. But go on, sir — you'll see presently.

Capt. A. « *As for the old weather beaten* (1) *she-dragon, who guards you* » — Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. M. Me, sir — me — he means me there — what do you think now? — but go on a little further.

Capt. A. Impudent scoundrel! — « *it shall go hard but I will* (2) *elude her vigilance; as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features* (3) *and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand* » —

Mrs. M. There, sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that? — an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure if I reprehend (4) any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular (5) tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs (6).

Capt. A. He deserves to be hanged and quartered! (7) let me see — « *same ridiculous vanity* » —

Mrs. M. You need not read it again, sir!

(1) Sbattuta dal tempo, logorata dagli anni, stagionata, sbiadita, brutta. (2) Formola per *I am almost sure to*. (3) Ruvide o grossolane fattezze. (4) Apprehend, intendo. (5) Verna-
cular. (6) Arrangement of epithets. (7) Squartato.

Capt. A. I beg pardon, ma'am — « *does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery, and pretended admiration* » — an impudent coxcomb — « *so that I have a scheme to see you shortly, with the old Harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between (1) in our interviews.* » — Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. M. Did you ever hear any thing like it? (*They rise.*) He'll elude my vigilance, will he? — yes. yes! — ha! ha! he's very likely to enter these doors! — we'll try who can plot best!

Capt. A. So we will, ma'am — so we will. — Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy! ha! ha! ha! — Well, but *Mrs. Malaprop*, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink (2) at her corresponding with him for a little time — let her even plot an elopement with him — then do you connive at her escape — while I, just in the nick (3), will have the fellow laid by the heels (4), and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead (5).

Mrs. M. I am delighted with the scheme; never was any thing better perpetrated (6).

Capt. A. But, pray, could I not see the lady for a few minutes now? — I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. M. Why, I don't know; I doubt she is not prepared for a visit of this kind. There is a decorum in these matters.

Capt. A. Lord, she won't mind me! — only tell her, *Beverley* —

Mrs. M. Sir!

Capt. A. Gently, good tongue! (*Aside.*)

Mrs. M. What did you say of *Beverley*?

Capt. A. Oh, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, — that it was *Beverley* who

(1) Mediatrice, mezzana. (2) Chiuder un occhio. (3) In the nick of time, nel momento stesso. (4) Farò legare il diavolo. (5) Vece. (6) Premeditated, concerted.

was below — she'd come down fast enough then — ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves; besides, you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her — ha! ha! Let him if he can, I say again, Lydia, come down here! (*Calling*). He'll make me a go-between in their interviews! — ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia! I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Capt. A. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, ma'am! — ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. M. The little hussy won't hear. Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is — she shall know that Captain Absolute is come to wait on her. (1) And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Capt. A. As you please, ma'am.

Mrs. M. For the present, Captain, your servant — Ah, you've not done laughing yet, I see — elude my vigilance! yes, yes — Ha! ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

Capt. A. Ha! ha! ha! one would think, now, that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security; but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive, were probably to lose her. I'll see whether she knows me. (*Walks aside, surveying the Pictures.*)

Enter LYDIA.

Lyd. What a scene am I now to go through! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses (2) of a stranger to one's heart. — I have heard of girls persecuted, as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover, to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it — there stands the hated rival — an officer too! but, oh, how unlike my Beverley! I wonder he don't begin — truly, he seems a very negligent wooer (3)! — quite at his ease, (4) upon my word! I'll speak first — Mr. Absolute!

Capt. A. Ma'am.

(*Turns round.*)

(1) Ossequiarla, presentare i suoi rispetti. (2) Rebuttante corteggiamento. (3) Galante, corteggiatore. (4) Comodo, senza soggezione.

Lyd. O heavens! Beverley!

Capt. A. Hush! hush, my life! softly (1)! be not surprised!

Lyd. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed! For heaven's sake, how came you here?

Capt. A. Briefly. I have deceived your aunt. I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and, contriving to have him kept away (2), have passed myself on her for Captain Absolute.

Lyd. Oh, charming! — and she really takes you for young Absolute?

Capt. A. Oh, she's convinced of it.

Lyd. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing, to think how her sagacity is over-reached (3).

Capt. A. But we trifle with our precious moments — such another opportunity may not occur; then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserved persecution, and, with a licensed warmth, plead for my reward.

Lyd. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth (4)? that burden on the wings of love?

Capt. A. Oh, come to me — rich only thus — in loveliness! Bring no portion to me but thy love; 'twill be generous in you, Lydia; for well you know, it is the only dower (5) your poor Beverley can repay.

Lyd. How persuasive are his words! how charming will poverty be with him? *(Aside.*

Capt. A. By heavens, I would fling (6) all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp (7) my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me but here. *(Embracing her.)* If she holds out (8) now, the devil is in it. *(Aside.)*

Lyd. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes — but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis. *(Aside*

(1) Adagino! (2) Avendolo allontanato. (3) Vinta, delusa
(4) Sprezzabili ricchezze. (5) Dote. (6) Scaglierei, farei getto
di. (7) Stringere. (8) Resiste, regge.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, listening.

Mrs. M. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself (1). *(Aside.*

Capt. A. So pensive, Lydia — is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. M. Warmth abated? — so? — she has been in a passion, I suppose. *(Aside.*

Lyd. No; nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. A. An ill-temper'd little devil! — She'll be in a passion all her life, will she? *(Aside.*

Lyd. Let her choice be Captain Absolute, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. M. I am astonished at her assurance! — to his face — this to his face! *(Aside.*

Capt. A. Thus, then, let me enforce my suit (2). *(Kneeling.*

Mrs. M. Ay — poor young man! — down on his knees, entreating (3) for pity! — I can contain no longer. *(Aside.)* — Why, thou vixen! (4) — I have overheard you.

Capt. A. Oh, confound her vigilance: *(Aside.*

Mrs. M. Captain Absolute — I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Capt. A. So, all's safe I find. *(Aside.)* I have hopes madam, that time will bring the young lady —

Mrs. M. O there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong (5) as an allegory (6) on the banks of the Nile.

Lyd. Nay, madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. M. Why thou unblushing rebel — didn't you tell this gentleman to his face, that you loved another better? — didn't you say you never would be his!

Lyd. No, madam, I did not.

Mrs. M. Good heavens what assurance! — Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman! Didn't you boast that Beverley — that

(1) Si Comporta. (2) Richiesta, domanda, preghiera. (3) A ginocchione, supplicando. (4) Garritrice, gridatrice. (5) Incapata, testarda. (6) Alligator (cocodrillo).

stroller (1) Beverley — possessed your heart? Tell me that I say.

Lyd. 'Tis true, ma'am, and none but Beverley —

Mrs. M. Hold! — hold, assurance! — you shall not be so rude.

Capt. A. Nay, pray, Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech: — she's very welcome to talk thus — it does not hurt me in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. M. You are too good, captain — too amiably patient: — but come with me, miss — let us see you again soon, captain — remember what we have fixed.

Capt. A. I shall, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lyd. May every blessing wait on my Beverley, my loved Bev — — — (*Mrs. M. prevents her speaking.*)

Mrs. M. Hussy! — Come along — come along.

(*Exeunt CAPT. ABSOLUTE, kissing his hand to LYDIA —*

MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.)

SCENE IV. — ACRES' Lodgings.

ACRES and DAVID discovered; ACRES just dressed.

Acres. Indeed, David — dress does make a difference, David.

Dav. 'Tis all in all, I think — difference? why, an' (2) you were to go now to Clod Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you; master Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, 'Lard presarve me! our dairy maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Tester, your honour's favourite, would blush like my waistcoat. Oons! I'll hold a gallon (3) there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I question whether Phillis would wag (4) a hair of her tail?

Acres. Ay, David, there's nothing like polishing.

Dav. So I says of your honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me (5)!

(1) Vagabondo, gabbamondo. (2) If. (3) Scometto quattro boccali. (4) To wag, scuotere, dimenare. (5) Non mi da ascolto.

Acres. But David, has Mr. de la Grace been here? I must rub up (1) my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

Dav. I'll call again, sir. (*Crosses.*

Acres. Do; and see if there are any letters for me at the Post-office.

Dav. I will. By the mass, I can't help looking at your head! if I hadn't been at the cooking. — I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself.

(*Exit DAVID.*

ACRES comes forward with a dancing step.

Acres. Sink, slide — coupee — Confound the first inventors of cotillions, say I! — they are as bad as algebra, to us country gentlemen — I can walk a minuet easy enough, when I am forced — and I have been accounted a good stick (2) in a countrydance. Odds jigs and tabors! — I never valued your cross-over to couple — figure in — right and left — and I'd foot it with e'er a captain in the country! — but these outlandish heathen (3) allemandes and cotillions are quite beyond me! — I shall never prosper at them, that's sure — mine are trueborn English legs — they don't understand their cursed French lingo! (4) their *pas* this, and *pas* that and *pas* t'other? damn me! my feet don't like to be called paws! (5).

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Here is Sir Lucius O 'Trigger to wait on you, sir.

Acres. Show him in. (*Exit SERVANT.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir L. M. Acres, I am delighted to see you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir L. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith, I have followed Cupid's jack-o-lantern (6) and find myself in a quagmire (7) at last? — In short

(1) Ripulire, rinfrescare. (2) Bastone, ballerino. (3) Strane, straniere, pagane. (4) Gergo (linguaggio). (5) Zampe. (6) Jack with a lantern, fuoco fatuo. (7) Pantano, pantanaccio.

I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius. I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir L. Pray, what is the cause? — I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius; I fall as deep as need be in love (1) with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir L. Very ill, upon my conscience! — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, here's the matter: she has another lover, one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. — Odds slanders and lies, he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir L. A rival in the case, is there? and you think he has supplanted you unfairly (2)?

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir L. Then sure you know what is to be done?

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir L. We wear no swords here, but you understand me?

Acres. What! fight him?

Sir L. Ay, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir L. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offence against another, than to fall in love with the same woman? Oh, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach (3) of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship? Ay, ay; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in all my life.

Sir L. That's no argument at all — he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

(1) To fall in love, innamorarsi, invaghirsi. (2) Slealmente, ingiustamente. (3) (Breccia) rottura, violazione.

Acres. 'Gad, that's true — I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius! — I fire apace (1); odds hilts and blades! (2) I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it. — But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side?

Sir L. What the devil signifies right when your honour is concerned? (3) Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad swords (4), and left the lazy (5) sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching! (6) — I certainly do feel a kind of valour arising, as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say — Odds flints, pans (7), and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir L. Ah, my little friend! if we had Blunderbuss Hall (8) here — I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the New Room, every one of whom had killed his man! — For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers (9) I thank heaven, our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres. Oh, Sir Lucius, I have had ancestors too! — every man of them colonel or captain in the militia! — odds balls and barrels! (10) say no more, I'm braced (11) for it. The thunder of your words has soured (12) the milk of human kindness in my breast! — Z——ds! as the man in the play says, I could do such deeds! —

Sir L. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case; these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage — Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage,

(1) Sparo rapidissimamente. (2) Else e lame. (3) Si tratta del vostro onore. (4) Sciabole. (5) Pigri. (6) Appiccaticcio, contagioso. (7) Focone, scodeliino. (8) Il castello di moschettone, il palazzo di spingala. (9) Sguizzato, sgusciato di mano. (10) Palle e canne. (11) Cinto. (12) Inasprito, reso agro.

if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper (*Sits.*) I would the ink were red! — Indite, I say, indite! — How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand however.

Sir L. Pray compose yourself. (*Sits down.*)

Acres. Come — now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme?

Sir L. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now — « *Sir,* » —

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir L. « *To prevent the confusion that might arise* » —

Acres. Well —

Sir L. « *From our both addressing the same lady* » —

Acres. Ay — there's the reason — « *same lady* » — Well —

Sir L. « *I shall expect the honour of your company* » —

Acres. Z——ds! I'm not asking him to dinner! —

Sir L. Pray, be easy.

Acres. Well, then « *honour of your company* » — Does company begin with a C or a K?

Sir L. « *To settle our pretensions* » —

Acres. Well.

Sir L. Let me see — ay. King's Mead fields will do — « *in King's Mead fields.* »

Acres. So, that's done. Well, I'll fold it up (1) presently, my own crest (2), a hand and dagger, (3) shall be the seal.

Sir L. You see, now, this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding

Sir L. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then, let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true,

(1) Piegarla. (2) Stemma, arme, scudo (3) Daga, pugnale.

Sir L. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening — I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here who put a jest on me lately at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with (1) the gentleman to call him out (2).

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! odds life, I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson!

Sir L. I shall be very proud of instructing you. Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do every thing in a mild and agreeable manner. Let your courage be as keen (3), but at the same time as polished (4), as your sword.

(*Exeunt* — *SIR LUCIUS, ACRES.*)

ACT IV. — SCENE I. — *ACRES' Lodgings.*

ACRES and DAVID discovered.

Dav. Then, by the mass, sir, I would do no such thing! ne'er a Sir Lucius O' Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight when I wasn't so minded. Oops! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I must be very careful of my honour.

Dav. Ay, by the mass, and I would be very careful of it, and I think in return my honour couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

Dav. I say, then, it would be but civil in honour never to risk the loss of a gentleman. — Look ye, master, this honour seems to me to be a marvellous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtier-like servant. Put the case: I was a gentleman (which, thank heaven, no one can say of me); well — my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.

(1) Abbattemi in. (2) Per sidarlo. (3) Tagliente. (4) Ponto, forbito.

So — we fight. (Pleasant enough that.) Boh! I kill him — (the more's my luck.) Now, pray, who gets the profit of it? — why, my honour. But, put the case that he kills me! by the mass! I go to the worms (1), and my honour whips over (2) to my enemy.

Acres. No David, in that case! — Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave!

Dav. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift (3) to do without it.

Acres. Z — ds! David, You are a coward! — it doesn't become my valour to listen to you — What, shall I disgrace (4) my ancestors! — Think of that, David — think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

Dav. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look ye, now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think it might as well be let alone (5). Our ancestors are very good kind of folks (6); but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very — great danger, hey? — Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

Dav. By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! Oons! here to meet some lion-headed (7) fellow, I warrant, with his d—ned double barrell'd swords and-cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think on't, those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! (8) well, I never could abide (9) them! from a child I never could fancy them! I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Z——ds! I won't be afraid — odds fire and fury! you sha'nt make me afraid. Here is the challenge,

(1) Vermì. (2) Balza sopra, passa. (3) Trovare il mezzo
(4) Fare onta a. disonorare. (5) Tralasciarlo, non farlo.
(6) Gente. (7) Testa di leone. (8) Armi. (9) Tollerare.

and I have sent for my dear friend, Jack Absolute, to carry it for me.

Dav. Ay, i'the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. — For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! — it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter! and I warrant smells of gunpowder, like a soldier's pouch! (1) Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off (2)!

Acres. Out, you poltroon! — you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper (3).

Dav. Well, I say no more — 'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod-Hall! — but I ha' done. — How Phillis will howl (4) when she hears of it! — ay, poor bitch (5), she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! — and I warrant old Crop (6), who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse (7) the hour he was born! (*Whimpering* (8).

Acres. It won't do, David, I am determined to fight, so get along (9) you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres. O! show him up. (*Exit SERVANT.*

Dav. Well, heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that? — Don't provoke me, David!

Dav. Good bye, master. (*Sobbing.*

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven (10). (*Exit DAVID.*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valour of St. George, and the dragon to boot (11) —

Capt. A. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. Oh! — there — (*Gives him the challenge.*

(1) Giberna. (2) Partire, sparare da se. (3) Grillo, locusta. (4) urlare. (5) Cagna. (6) Cavallo scodato. (7) Maledirà. (8) Gagnolando. (9) Andatevene. (10) Cornacchia crocitante, profeta di disgrazia. (11) Di giunta, pure.

Capt. A. (To Ensign BEVERLEY.) So — what's going on now! (*Aside.*) Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Capt. A. Indeed! — Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad, but I will, Jack. — Sir Lucius has wrought (1) me to it. He has left me full of rage, and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted (2).

Capt. A. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me and give him this mortal defiance (3).

Capt. A. Well, give it me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble (4).

Capt. A. Not in the least — I beg you won't mention it. No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind. — What it is to have a friend: you couldn't be my second (5), could you Jack?

Capt. A. Why, no, Bob — not in this affair — it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend, Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Capt. A. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Capt. A. I'll come intantly. (*Exit SERVANT.*) Well, my little hero, success attend you. (*Going.*)

Acres. Stay, stay Jack. If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow — will you, Jack?

Capt. A. To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog — hey, Bob?

Acres. Ay, do, do — and if that frightens (6) him, egad,

(1) Istigato, aizzato. (2) Scialaquato, perduto. (3) Cartello, sfida. (4) Disturbo. (5) Padrino. (6) Spavento.

perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Capt. A. I will; I will: I'll say you are call'd, in the country, « Fighting Bob (1). »

Acres. Right, right — 'tis all to prevent mischief: for I don't want to take his life, if I clear my honour.

Capt. A. No! — that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him, do you, Jack?

Capt. A. No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? *(Going.)*

Acres. True, true — But stay — stay, Jack — you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage.

Capt. A. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack — a determined dog.

Capt. A. Ay, ay, « Fighting Bob. »

(Exeunt ACRES, CAPT. ABSOLUTE.)

SCENE II. — MRS. MALAPROP'S Lodgings.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and LYDIA.

Mrs. M. Why, thou perverse one! — tell me what you can object to in him? — Isn't he a handsome man? — tell me that. A genteel man? A pretty figure of a man?

Lyd. She little thinks whom she is praising. *(Aside.)* So is Beverley, ma'am.

Mrs. M. No caparisons (2), miss, if you please. Caparisons don't become a young woman. No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman.

Lyd. Ay, the Captain Absolute you have seen. *(Aside.)*

Mrs. M. Then he's so well bred; — so full of alacrity (3) and adulation! — He has so much to say for himself, in such good language too. His physiognomy so grammatical (4); then his presence so noble! I protest, when I saw him I thought of what Hamlet says

(1) Roberto il duellista. il pugillatore. (2) Gualdrappe, finimenti) la signora Mal-a-proposito vuol dire *comparisons*.

(3) *Hilarity*, and *information*. (4) *Classical*.

in the play: — « Hesperian curls — the front of Job (1) himself! an eye, like March (2), to threaten at (3) command! — a station, like Harry Mercury (4), new » — Something about kissing — on a hill — however, the similitude (5) struck me directly.

Lyd. How enraged she'll be presently, when she discovers her mistake! *(Aside.)*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below ma'am.

Mrs. M. Show them up here. *(Exit SERVANT.)* Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman. Show your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lyd. Madam, I have told you my resolution — I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him. *(Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.)*

Enter SIR ANTHONY and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting (6) beauty, — and difficulty enough I had to bring this fellow. I don't know what's the matter, but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip (7).

Mrs. M. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair. I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise, I beseech (8) you! — pay your respects! *(Aside to her.)*

Sir Anth. I hope, madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her aunt's choice, and my alliance. Now, Jack, speak to her. *(Aside to him.)*

Capt. A. What the devil shall I do? *(Aside.)* You see, sir, she won't even look at me whilst you are

(1) *Jove.* (2) *Mars.* (3) *Or.* (4) A station (posa) like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. (5) *Similitudo.* (6) *Inflexibile, inesorabile.* (7) To give one the slip, *scapparsela, svignar via.* (8) *Vi supplico.*

here, I knew she wouldn't! — I told you so — Let me entreat you, sir, to leave us together!

(CAPT. A. seems to expostulate with his father.

Sir Anth. I say, sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. M. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence (1) over my niece is very small. Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you! (Aside to her.

Sir Anth. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son? — why don't you begin, Jack? Speak, you puppy — speak! (Aside to him..

Mrs. M. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any. She will not say she has. Answer, hussy! why don't you answer? (Aside to her.

Sir Anth. Then, madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar (2) to Jack's happiness. Z — ds! sirrah! why don't you speak? (Aside to him.

Capt. A. Hem! hem! Madam — hem! CAPT. ABSOLUTE attempts to speak, then returns to SIR ANTH.) 'Faith! sir, I am so confounded! — and so — so confused! I told you I should be so, sir, — I knew it. The — the tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it? Go up, and speak to her directly! CAPT. A. makes signs to MRS. MALAPROP to leave them together.) What the devil are you at? unlock your jaws (3), sirrah, or — (Aside to him.

Capt. A. (Draws near LYDIA.) Now heaven send she may be too sullen to look round! I must disguise my voice. (Aside. Speaks in a low tone.) Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love? Will not —

Sir Anth. What the devil ails the fellow? Why don't you speak out? — not stand croaking like a frog in a quincey! (4)

(1) Influence. (2) (Sbarra). ostacolo, impedimento: (3) Diserare le mascelle, schiudete le ganasce. (4) Una rana in una squinzia.

Capt. A. The — the excess of my awe (1) and my — my modesty, quite choak (2) me!

Sir Anth. Ah! your modesty again! I'll tell you what Jack: if you don't speak out directly and glibly (3) too, I shall be in such a rage! Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front (4).

(*Mrs. MALAPROP seems to chide LYDIA.*)

Capt. A. So! all will out, I see! (*Goes up to LYDIA, speaks softly.*) Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lyd. (*Aside.*) Heavens! 'tis Beverley's voice! — (*Looks round by degrees, then starts up* (5).) Is this possible? my Beverley! how can this be? my Beverley!

Capt. A. Ah! 'tis all over! (*Aside.*)

Sir Anth. Beverley! — the devil — Beverley! What can the girl mean? This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. M. For shame, hussy! for shame! — your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes! beg Captain Absolute's pardon directly.

Lyd. I see no Captain Absolute, but my loved Beverley!

Sir Anth. Z — ds, the girl's mad! her brain's turned by reading.

Mrs. M. O my conscience, I believe so! — what do you mean by Beverley, hussy! — you saw Captain Absolute before to day, there he is — your husband that shall be.

Lyd. With all my soul, ma'am; when I refuse my Beverley —

Sir Anth. Oh! she's as mad as Bedlam (6)! — or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick (7)! Come here, sirrah; who the devil are you?

Capt. A. 'Faith, sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

(1) Rispetto, timore. (2) Soffocano. (3) Speditamente, in modo linguacciuto. (4) Profilo. (5) Balza in piè. (6) Il Manicomio. (7) Gherminella, tiro, scherzo.

Sir Anth. Are you my son or not? — answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Capt. A. Ye powers of impudence, befriend me (1)! — (*Aside.*) Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be yours also, I hope my duty has always shown. Mrs Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer, and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew; I need not tell my Lydia that she sees her faithful Beverley, who knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assumed that name and a station, which has proved a test (2) of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lyd. So: — there will be no elopement after all!

(*Sullenly.*)

Sir Anth. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! To do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Capt. A. Oh, you flatter me, sir; you compliment; 'tis my modesty you know, sir; modesty, that has stood in my way (3).

Sir Anth. Well, I am glad you are not the dull insensible varlet (4) you pretend to be, however! I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog, I am. So this was your penitence, your duty, and obedience! I thought it was d—n'd sudden. You never heard their names before, not you! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire, hey? if you could please me in the affair, 'twas all you desired! Ah! you dissembling villain! What! (*Pointing to LYDIA*) she squints don't she? a little red-haired girl! hey? Why, you hypocritical young rascal — I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Capt. A. 'Tis with difficulty, sir — I am confused — very much confused, as you must perceive.

Mrs. M. O lud! Sir Anthony! — a new light breaks in upon me! hey! how! what! captain, did you write

(1) Aintatemi, spalleggiatemi. (2) Riuscito una prova, un assaggio. (3) Has been my greatest obstacle. (4) Fante, furfante.

the letters then? What? — am I to thank you for the elegant compilation (1) of an old weather-beaten she-dragon, — hey? O mercy — was it you that reflected on my parts of speech?

Capt. A. Dear sir! my modesty will be overpowered at last, if you don't assist me. I shall certainly not be able to stand (2) it.

Sir Anth. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive; odds life! matters have taken so clever (3) a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart to be so good-humoured! and so gallant! — hey! Mrs. Malaprop! Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant! Jack — isn't the cheek as I said, hey? — and the eye, you rogue — and the lip — hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness — their's is the time of life for happiness! *Youth's the season made for joy — (Sings.)* Hey! Odd's life! I'm in such spirits — I don't know what I could not do! Permit me ma'am — *(Gives his hand to MRS. MALAPROP.) (Sings.) — Tol de rol — 'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself — Tol de rol! de rol!*

(Exit, singing, and handing MRS. MALAPROP off. —

LYDIA sits sullenly in her Chair.

Capt. A. So much thought bodes (4) me no good. *(Aside.)* So grave Lydia!

Lyd. Sir.

Capt. A. So! 'egad! I thought as much! That d—n'd monosyllable has froze (5) me? *(Aside.)* What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends' consent as in our mutual vows.

Lyd. Friends' consent, indeed! *(Peevishly.)*

Capt. A. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance; a little wealth and comfort may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements (6) as —

(1) Appellation. (2) Reggere. (3) Destro, accorto, abile. (4) pre-sagisce, prenunzia. (5) Gelato, agghiacciato. (6) assegnamenti, accomodamenti,

Lyd. Lawyers! I hate lawyers!

Capt. A. Nay then we will not wait for their lingering (1) forms, but instantly procure the license, and —

Lyd. The license! I hate licenses!

Capt. A. Oh, my love be not so unkind — thus let me entreat — *(Kneeling)*

Lyd. Pshaw! what signifies kneeling, when you know I must have you!

Capt. A. (Rising.) Nay, madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you. If I have lost your heart, I resign the rest. Gad I must try what a little spirit will do. *(Aside.)*

Lyd. (Rising.) Then, sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition (2), and deserves the punishment of fraud. — What, you have been treating me like a child! — humouring my romance; and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Capt. A. You wrong me (3), Lydia, you wrong me — only hear —

Lyd. So, while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense (4) them all — behold, my hopes are to be crushed (5) at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation — and I am myself the only dupe at last! *(Walking about in a heat.)* — But here, sir, here is the picture — Beverley's picture! *(Taking a Miniature from her bosom.)* — which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats (6) and entreaties! — There, sir, *(Flings it to him.)* — and be assured, I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Capt. A. Nay, nay, ma'am, we will not differ as to that — here — *(Taking out a Picture.)* — here is Miss Lydia Languish. What a difference! — ay, there is the heavenly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes! — those are the lips which

(1) Lenti, tardi. tardigradi. (2) Impostura, inganno. (3) Mi fare torto. (4) Gabbare ed irritare. (5) Schiacciate. (6) Minacce.

sealed a vow; as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar! — and there the half-resentful blush, that would have checked the ardour of my thanks. Well, all that's past; all over indeed! There, madam, in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind, its merit over the original, in being still the same, is such — that — I'll put it in my pocket. (*Puts it up again.*)

Lyd. (*Softening.*) 'Tis your own doing, sir — I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Capt. A. Oh, most certainly: sure now, this is much better than being in love! ha! ha! ha? — there's some spirit in this! What signifies breaking some scores (1) of solemn promises; all that's of no consequence, you know. To be sure people will say, that miss didn't know her own mind — but never mind that: or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired (2) of the lady, and forsook (3) her — but don't let that fret you.

Lyd. There's no bearing his insolence!

(*Bursts into tears* (4).)

Enter MRS. MALAPROP and SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. M. (*Entering.*) Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing (5) awhile.

Lyd. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate! (*Sobbing.*)

Sir Anth. What the devil's the matter now! Z — ds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the oddest billing and cooing I ever heard! but what the deuce (6) is the meaning of it? I'm quite astonished!

Capt. A. Ask the lady, sir.

Mrs. M. Oh mercy! I'm quite analys'd (7), for my part! Why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lyd. Ask the gentleman, ma'am.

Sir Anth. Z — ds! I shall be in a frenzy! Why, Jack, you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

(1) Ventine. (2) Venne scapricciato, annoiato. (3) Abbandono. (4) Si scioglie in lagrime. (5) Beccare e tubare, baciucare e mormorare. (6) Diamine. (7) Surprised.

Mrs. M. Ay, sir, there's no more trick, is there? you are not, like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?

Capt. A. You'll not let me speak — I say the lady can account for (1) this much better than I can.

Lyd. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again; there is the man — I now obey you: for from this moment, I renounce him for ever. *(Exit.*

Mrs. M. O mercy and miracles! what a turn here is? Why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my niece?

Sir Anth. Ha! ha! ha! — ha! ha! ha! — now I see it. Ha! ha! ha! — now I see it — you have been too lively, Jack.

Capt. A. Nay, sir, upon my word. —

Sir Anth. Come; no lying Jack! — I'm sure 'twas so. Come, no excuses, Jack; why, your father, you rogue, was so before you; the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.

Capt. A. By all that's good, sir. —

Sir Anth. Z—ds! say no more, I tell you — Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace. You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop: you must tell her, 'tis Jack's way—tell her, 'tis all our ways—it runs the blood of our family! Come away, Jack, ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain! *(Pushes him out.*

Mrs. M. Oh, Sir Anthony! O, fie, Captain! *(Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *The North Parade.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir L. I wonder where this Captain Absolute hides himself. Upon my conscience these officers are always in one's way (2) in love affairs; I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for (3) a little rogue of a major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me! And I wonder

(1) Spiegare. (2) Ci sono sempre d'imciampo, d'intoppo.
(3) Se non fosse, senza.

too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them — unless it be a touch of the old serpent in them, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red-cloth (1). Hah, isn't this the Captain coming? — 'faith, it is! There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! who the devil is he talking to? (*Retires.*)

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Capt. A. To what fine purpose have I been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul! a little gipsy (2)! I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either. Sdeath, I never was in a worse humour in my life! I could cut my own throat (3), or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir L. O, 'faith! I'm in the luck of it. I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose — to be sure, I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. (*Aside. Advances to CAPT. ABSOLUTE.*) With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Capt. A. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant: because, sir, I happened just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir L. That's no reason; for give me leave to tell you, a man may think an untruth as well as speak one.

Capt. A. Very true, sir; but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir L. Then, sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Capt. A. Hark ye, Sir Lucius, if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview (4); for, what you can drive at (5), unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

(1) Pezzetto di panno rosso. (2) Zingarella. (3) Gola. (4) Abboccamento. (5) Aver per mira, pretendere.

Sir L. I humbly thank you, sir, for the quickness of your apprehension — (*Bowing*) — you have named the very thing I would be at (1).

Capt. A. Very well, sir—I shall certainly not baulk (2) your inclinations—but I should be glad if you would please to explain your motives.

Sir L. Pray, sir, be easy — the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel, as it stands — we should only spoil it by trying to explain it. However, your memory is very short - or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week. So, no more, but name your time and place.

Capt. A. Well, sir, since you are so bent (3) on it, the sooner the better; let it be this evening — here by the Spring Gardens. We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir L. Faith! that same interruption, in affairs of this nature, shows very great ill-breeding (4). I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind (5), people make such a pother (6), that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness. However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's Mead fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may despatch both matters at once.

Capt. A. 'Tis the same to me exactly. A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir L. If you please, sir; there will be very pretty small-sword light, though it won't do for a long shot. So that matter's settled; and my mind's at ease. (*Exit.*)

ACT V. SCENE 1. — JULIA'S Dressing-Room.

Enter JULIA.

Jul. How this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone? O Faulkland! how many unhappy moments, how many tears, you have cost me!

(1) Che cerco. (2) Deludere, frodare. (3) Inclinato, risoluto. (4) Mala creanza. (5) Trapela. (6) Schiamazzo, strepito, scompiglio.

Enter FAULKLAND.

What means this? why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulk. Alas, Julia! I am come to take a long farewell!

Jul. Heav'n's! what do you mean?

Faulk. You see before you a wretch (1) whose life is forfeited (2). Nay, start not; the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me: I left you fretful and passionate, an untoward (3) accident drew me into a quarrel — the event is, that I must fly this kingdom instantly! — Oh, Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have called you mine entirely, before this mischance (4) had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!

Jul. My soul is oppressed with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumstances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt strong comfort in the thought, that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love. My heart has long known no other guardian: I now entrust my person to your honour — we will fly together: when safe from pursuit, my father's will may be fulfilled, and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter.

Faulk. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! — Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego (5), and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you, beside his solitary love?

Jul. I ask not a moment — No, Faulkland, I have loved you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize (6) the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love. But let us not linger; perhaps this delay.

Faulk. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark: yet am I grieved (7) to think what num-

(1) Uno sciagurato. (2) (Demeritata) perduta per un delitto. (3) Sinistro. (4) Disgrazia. (5) Rinunciate. (6) Apprezzo. (7) Mi duole.

berless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Jul. Perhaps your fortune may be forfeited by this unhappy act? I know not whether 'tis so, but sure that alone can never make us unhappy — The little I have will be sufficient to support us, and exile never should be splendid.

Faulk. Ay, but in such an abject state of life my wounded pride, perhaps, may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure.

Jul. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you: one who, by bearing your infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you so to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulk. Julia, I have proved you to the quick (1)! and with this useless device, I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Jul. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulk. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended. Let me to-morrow, in the face of heaven, receive my future guide and mistress, and expiate my past folly, by years of tender adoration.

Jul. Hold, Faulkland! that you are free from a crime, which I before feared to name, heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice! These are tears of thankfulness for that! But, that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung (2) my heart, gives me now a pang more keen than I can express!

Faulk. By heavens! Julia —

Jul. Yet hear me — My father loved you Faulkland! and you preserved the life that tender parent gave me! in his presence I pledged my hand — joyfully pledged it, where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seemed to me,

(1) *Al vivo*, a fondo. (2) *Dilaniato*, squarciato.

that Providence had, in Faulkland, shown me whither to transfer, without a pause, my gratified duty as well as my affection: hence I have been content to bear from you, what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another. I will not upbraid you by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.

Faulk. I confess it all! yet, hear. —

Jul. After such a year of trial, I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! I now see that it is not in your nature to be content or confident in love. With this conviction I never will be yours.

Faulk. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour! — If, after this. —

Jul. But one word more. As my faith has once been given to you, I will never barter it with another. I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of heaven to send you, will be to charm you from (1) that unhappy temper which alone has prevented the performance (2) of our solemn engagement. All I request of you is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity; and, when you number up the many true delights it has deprived you of, let it not be your least regret, that it lost you the love of one who would have followed you in beggary through the world. *(Exit.)*

Faulk. She's gone! — for ever! — There was an awful resolution in her manner that rivetted me (3) to my place. O, fool! — dolt! (4) — barbarian! Cursed as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow wretches, kind fortune sent a heavengifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian (5), I have driven her from my side! I must now hasten to my appointment. Well, my mind is turned for such a scene! I shall wish only to be—

(1) Guarirvi di, risanarvi di. (2) Adempimento, eseguitamento. (3) Mi tenne inchiodato. (4) klotto, stupido. (5) Scellerato, brutale.

come a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here. O love! tormentor! fiend! whose influence; like the moon's acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! (Exit.

Enter MAID and LYDIA.

Maid. My mistress, ma'am, I know, was here, just now; perhaps she is only in the next room. (Exit.

Lyd. Heigho! Though he has used (1) me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Oh, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation! Lud, child! what's the matter with you! You have been crying! — I'll be hanged if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Jul. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness: something has flurried me (2) a little. Nothing that you can guess at.

Lyd. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them. You know who Beverley proves to be?

Jul. I will now own to you, Lydia that Mr. Faulkland had before informed me of the whole affair.

Lyd. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one! but I don't care, I'll never have him.

Jul. Nay, Lydia. —

Lyd. Why, is it not provoking, when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield (3) bargain of at last? — There had I projected one of the most sentimental elopements! so becoming a disguise! so amiable a ladder of ropes (4)! conscious moon — four horses — Scotch parson (5) — with such surprise to Mrs. Mala-

(1) Trattato. (2) Turbata. (3) Luogo dove si compra e si vende il bestame in Londra. (4) Scala di corde. (5) When a couple of Lovers in England or Ireland want to get married without the consent of their parents or guardians, they

prop! and such paragraphs in the newspapers! — Oh, I shall die with disappointment!

Jul. I don't wonder at it.

Lyd. Now — sad reverse! — what have I to expect, but after a deal of flimsy (1) preparation, with a bishop's license, and my aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the altar! or, perhaps, be cried three times in a country church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk (2) ask the consent of every butcher in the parish, to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, spinster (5) — Oh, that I should live to hear myself called spinster!

Jul. Melancholy, indeed!

Lyd. How mortifying, to remember the dear, delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this fellow! How often have I stole forth (4) in the coldest night in January, and found him in the garden, stuck like a dripping (3) statue! There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough (6) so pathetically! — he shivering (7) with cold, and I with apprehension! — and, while the freezing blast numbed (8) our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour! — Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love!

Jul. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I could chide (9)

elope to Scotland, arrive at a hotel, declare themselves to the Landlord to be man and wife, order one bed-room for both, and have two witnesses to prove that they saw them go into the bedroom together at night and come out of it together in the morning; and this according to the laws of Scotland is a legal marriage, especially if the parties, on entering the country, have taken care, (which they never fail to do) to have their names enregistered by the celebrated Scotch parson, the blacksmith, at the border village of Gretna Green. (1) Futile, inutile. (2) Sagrestano. (3) Negli atti pubblici in Inghilterra bisogna che ciascuno abbia una professione; quella che si dà alle zitelle è *spinster*, filatrice. (4) Sgulzzato fuori. (5) Ficcato, piantato come una grondante statua. (6) Sternuzzare e tossire. (7) Tremante. (8) Intirizziva. (9) Sgridare.

you only by laughing heartily at you: but it suits more the situation of my mind at present earnestly to entreat you, not to let a man who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict. (*Mrs. MALAPROP speaks within.*)

Lyd. O, lud! what has brought my aunt here!

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP and DAVID.

Mrs. M. So! so! here's fine work! here's fine suicide, parricide, and simulation going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the an-tistrophe (1)!

Jul. For heaven's sake, madam, what's the matter?

Mrs. M. That gentleman can tell you, 'twas he enveloped (2) the affair to me.

Lyd. Oh, patience! — Do, ma'am, for heaven's sake, tell us what is the matter!

Mrs. M. Why murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter! But he can tell you the perpendiculars (3).

(*Pointing to DAVID.*)

Jul. Do speak, my friend,

(*To DAVID.*)

Dav. Look ye, my lady — by the mass, there's mischief going on, Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, fire engines, fire-screens, fire-odlice, and the devil knows what other crackers (4) beside! — This, my lady, I say has an angry favour (5).

Jul. But who's engaged?

Dav. My poor master — under favour for mentioning him first. You know me, my lady — I am David — and my master of course is, or was, Squire Acres — and Captain Absolute. Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Jul. Do, ma'am, let us instantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. M. Oh, fie! it would be very inelegant (6) in us — we should only participate (7) things.

Lyd. Do, my dear aunt, let us hasten to prevent them.

Dav. Ah, do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives! — they

(1) *Catastrophe.* (2) *Developed.* (3) *Particulars.* (4) *Razzi.* (5) *Aria, apparenza, sembiante.* (6) *Irrelevant, indelicate.* (7) *Precipitate.*

are desperately given (1), believe me. Above all, there is that blood-thirsty (2) Philistine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger! — Oh, mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape! (*Aside*). — Why, how you stand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire putrefactions! (3)

Lyd. What are we to do, madam?

Mrs. M. Why, fly with the utmost felicity (4), to be sure, to prevent mischief! — Come, girls, this gentleman will exhort (5) us. Come, sir you're our envoy (6), lead the way, and we'll precede (7). You're sure you know the spot.

Dav. Oh, never fear! and one good thing is, we shall find it out by the report of the pistols.

All the Ladies. The pistols! Oh, let us fly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *King's Mead Fields.*

Enter SIR LUCIUS and ACRES, with Pistols.

Acres. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! (8) I say it is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets, or small field-pieces (9): upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay now, I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the Stage.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Z — ds! we might as well fight in a sentrybox! (10) I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. Faith, then, I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards. —

Sir L. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no! by my valour, there is no

(1) Accaniti, risoluti. (2) Silibondo di sangue. (3) *Petrefactions*. (4) *Velocity*. (5) *Escort*. (6) *Convoy*. (7) Lead the way, and we'll (*succeed*). follow, Go before, we'll follow you. (8) *Mira punto di mira*. (9) *Cannoni*. (10) *Casotto da sentinella*.

merit in killing him so near! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down (1) at a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.

Sir L. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius, but I don't understand —

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk; and, if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus (2) with it, I say, it will be no time then to be bothering (3) you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus!

Sir L. For instance, now, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled (4) and sent home? or would it be the same thing to you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug (5) lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! — Snug lying in the Abbey! — Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir L. Ah, that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files! I've practised that — there, Sir Lucius, there — (*Puts himself into an attitude*) — a sidefront, hey? Odd, I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways (6).

Sir L. Now, you're quite out; for if you stand so when I take my aim —

Levelling at him.

Acres. Z — ds, Sir Lucius! are you sure it is not cocked (7)?

(1) To bring down a bird, condurre giù, far cadere (uccidere) un uccello mentresta sopra un albero o vola per l'aria. (2) (*Requiescat in pace*), morte. (3) Seccarvi. (4) Marinato, salato. (5) Comodo, confortabile. (6) edge, taglio, edgeways, col taglio (la parte più sottile) volto al mio avversario. (7) Montata, armata.

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head (4)!

Sir L. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there — fix yourself so — (*Placing him.*) — let him see the broadside of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they; and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius; I'd just as lieve (2) be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure they don't mean to disappoint us — hah! no faith — I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey — what! — coming!

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile? (3)

Acres. There are two of them indeed! — well, let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we won't run!

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No, I say — we won't run, by my valour!

Sir L. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold somehow as I did.

Sir L. O fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay, true — my honour — do, Sir Lucius,

(1) Partire da sè. (2) Volentieri mi sarebbe tanto caro. (3) Stile, a set of steps (gradini, scaglioni) to pass over a hedge (siepe).

edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I wasn't with you I should almost think I was afraid — if my valour should leave me! valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes, my valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off (1)! — I feel it oozing out (2), as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir L. Your honour — your honour — Here they are.

Acres. Oh, that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir L. Gentlemen, your most obedient — hah! — what, Captain Absolute! So, I suppose, sir you are come here, just like myself — to do a kind office, first for your friend, then to proceed to business on your own account?

Acres. What Jack! — my dear Jack! my dear friend!

Capt. A. Harkye, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir L. Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. So, Mr. Beverley, (*To FAULKLAND.*) if you choose your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulk. My weapons, sir!

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends!

Sir L. What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulk. Not I, upon my word, sir!

Sir L. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game — you won't be so cantankerous (3) as to spoil the party, by sitting out.

(1) To sneak off, scappar via come un cane che ha paura.
(2) Trapelare, sudar fuori. (3) Incivile, caparbio.

Capt. A. Oh pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulk. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland; I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. Lookye, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone (1).

Sir L. Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with (2). You have certainly challenged somebody, and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him, I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why, no, sir Lucius, I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Capt. A. Hold, Bob — let me set, you right — there is no such man as Beverley in the case. The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir L. Well, this is lucky. Now you have an opportunity —

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute! — not if he were fifty Beverleys! Z — ds! — Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural!

Sir L. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has oozed away with a vengeance (3)!

Acres. Not in the least! odds backs and abettors (4)! I'll be your second with all my heart — and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or any thing of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir L. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir L. Well, sir?

(1) Tralasciarlo, non farlo. (2) Non si scherza con me.
(3) Sudato via daddovero. (4) Spalleggiatori e complici.

Acres. Lookye, Sir Lucius, 't isn't that I mind the word coward — Coward may be said in a joke — But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls —

Sir L. Well, sir?

Acres. I should have thought you a very ill bred man.

Sir L. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Capt. A. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. He is a most determined dog — called in the country fighting Bob. He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Sir L. Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin — so come out, my little counsellor (*Draws his sword*) and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady without forcing you to proceed against him?

Capt. A. Come on then, (*Draws*) since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY, DAVID and the LADIES.

Dav. Knock'em all down (1), sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular — and bind his hands over to their good behaviour.

Sir Anth. Put up (2), Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy — how came you in a duel, sir!

Capt. A. 'Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his majesty.

Sir Anth. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat (3), and he tells me he serves his majesty! Z—ds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Capt. A. Sir, I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. 'Gad sir! how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir L. Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook (4).

(1) Stramazateli tutti. (2) Your sword in its sheath (*foderà*). (3) Gola. (4) Sopportare.

Sir Anth. Z — ds, Jack ! how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook ?

Mrs. M. Come, come, let's have no honour before ladies — Captain Absolute, come here — How could you intimidate us so ? Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Capt. A. For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am ?

Mrs. M. Nay, no delusions (1) to the past — Lydia is convinced ; speak, child.

Sir L. With your leave (2) ma'am, I must put in a word here. I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

Lyd. What is it you mean, sir ?

Sir L. Come, come, Dalia, we must be serious now ; this is no time for trifling.

Lyd. 'Tis true, sir ; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Capt. A. Oh, my little angel, say you so ? Sir Lucius, I perceive there must be some mistake here ; with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you, I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury, you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency — I ask your pardon. But for this lady, while honoured with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you (3), my boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to any thing in the world ; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valour ! I'll live a bachelor.

(1) Allusions. (2) Permessò. (3) Ti spalleggerò.

Sir L. Captain, give me your hand — an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

(*Takes out Letters.*)

Mrs. M. Oh, he will dissolve (1) my mystery! Sir Lucius, perhaps there is some mistake — Perhaps I can illuminate (2) —

Sir L. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere (3) where you have no business. Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lyd. Indeed, sir Lucius, I am not!

(*LYDIA and ABSOLUTE walk aside.*)

Mrs. M. Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are — I own the soft impeachment (4) — pardon my camelion blushes, I am Delia.

Sir L. You Delia! — pho! pho! be easy (5).

Mrs. M. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke (6), those letters are mine. When you are more sensible of my benignity, perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir L. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension: and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden (7) to you. And to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Capt. A. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir L. Hah! little valour — here, will you make your fortune?

Acres Odds wrinkles! (8) No — But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive: but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce (9), that's all.

Sir Anth. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down (10) — you are in your bloom yet.

(1) *Solve.* (2) *Delucidate.* (3) *Non vi intramettete.* (4) *Accusa.* (5) *Adagino.* (6) *Vandal.* (7) *Tenuto.* (8) *Grinze.* (9) *Gonzo, goffo.* (10) *Non vi perdetes d'animo.*

Mrs. M. O, sir Anthony! men are all barbarians?

(All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.)

Jul. He seems dejected and unhappy — not sullen — there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me — O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulk. Julia! — how can I sue for (1) what I so little deserve? I dare not presume — yet hope is the child of penitence.

Jul. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea (2) for yours.

(SIR ANTHONY comes forward between them.)

Faulk. Now I shall be blest indeed.

Sir Anth. What's going on here? — So you have been quarelling too, I warrant. — Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. — All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. — There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly.

(The rest of the characters come forward.)

Sir L. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius — So, Jack, I wish you joy — Mr. Faulkland the same. — Ladies, — come now, to show you I'm neither vext nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles (3) in half an hour to the New Rooms — and I insist on your all meeting me there.

(1) Chiedere con istanza. (2) Ragione (ter. legale). (3) Violini.

Sir A. 'Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single (1) lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a good husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulk. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack — I hope to be congratulated by each other — yours for having checked in time the errors of an ill-directed imagination, which might have betrayed an innocent heart; and mine for having by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have adored.

Capt. A. True, Faulkland, we have both tasted the bitters, as well as the sweets of love — with this difference only, that you always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while I —

Lyd. Was always obliged to me for it, hey, Mr. Modesty? — But come, no more of that — our happiness is now as unalloyed (2) as general.

Jul. Then let us study to preserve it so; and while hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss (3), let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting. — When hearts deserving hapiness would unite their fortunes, virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless (4) flowers; but ill-judging passion will force the gaudier (5) rose into the wreath (6), whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropt!

(1) Celebi, scapoli. (2) (Senza cattiva lega) sincera, pura. (3) Felicità, beatitudine. (4) Innocul, innocentl. (5) Più sfarzosa. (6) Ghirlanda, corona.

MILLHOUSE. — GRAMMATICA INGLESE.*Quinta edizione ; Corso graduato, ecc.*

(Articolo estratto dalla Gazz. privileg. di Milano del 16 Marzo 1846)

Al tempo di Elisabetta nell'anno mille sel cento, i parlatori della lingua inglese erano nella Gran-Brettagna quattro milioni, e cinquanta mila in America: ora sono 28 milioni in quella e ventisette milioni in questa. Settant'anni fa i sudditi inglesi non ascendevano a più di dodici milioni, e adesso sono cento sessanta milioni. Allora erano tutti, o quasi tutti, entro i ristretti confini delle Isole Britanniche; attualmente si trovano in ogni zona e regione; il sole non tramonta mai sui dominj della Gran-Brettagna, sui paesi in cui l'inglese si parla. Onde non è a stupirsi se questa favella diventa omai di moda nella vecchia Europa; la lingua di un popolo che, col suo commercio e colle sue colonie, porta l'incivilimento e gli agi della vita tutto intorno al Globo; di un popolo che, specialmente in questi ultimi tempi, ha regalato al mondo tante scoperte utilissime; e fra queste quell'idrogeno che tramuta in giorno le nostre notti, e quella prima fra le invenzioni umane, la macchina a vapore, macchina che fa sentire alla terra e al mare i passi dell'uomo, e che, portandolo ratto come il lampo intorno al soggiogato globo, gli dona l'attributo della ubicnità e lo fa salutare ovunque come signore del creato: una lingua illustre per tante glorie letterarie, ricca di tanti tesori scientifici quanto quella di qualunque altro popolo antico o moderno; una lingua che ci trasmette *come raggio di sole in acqua pura* i pensieri di un Bacone, di un Newton, di un Locke, di un Shakspeare, di un Milton, di un Byron, di uno Scott, di un Bentham e di tanti altri sommi.

Nè sono queste le sole ragioni per cui l'Inglese sia venuto tanto in voga. Ce n'è un'altra più influente di esse tutte. Uno degli idiom più logici di Europa, esso è altresì il più facile. Le sue voci, che sono pressochè tutte di una sillaba sola, non soggiacciono quasi mai a verun cambiamento dalla loro forma primitiva. — Il plurale dei nomi si fa con un *s* aggiunta al singolare. Il genere de' nomi, spesso bizzarro, qualche volta assurdo, sempre difficile nelle altre lingue, è facilissimo nella inglese: ed essendo conforme alla natura e al senso comune, s'impara in cinque minuti. Gli articoli, gli aggettivi, i participj, ec., ec., sono indeclinabili ed invariabili. Invece delle forme e desinenze tantosvariate e tanto difficili delle conjugazioni dei verbi nostri, e di quei di tutte le altre lingue derivate dalla latina, i verbi inglesi ammettano soltanto quattro o cinque cambiamenti di terminazioni. Tutti i verbi regolari si conjugano giusta un solo modello di conjugazione. I verbi irregolari lo sono solamente nell'imperfetto e participio passato. In somma s'impara la conjugazione di tutti i

verbi regolari in tre ore, e quella di tutti gli irregolari in altrettanti giorni. In inglese appena si può dire che vi sia il modo soggiuntivo; modo tanto difficile e tanto fastidioso nelle altre lingue. La costruzione delle frasi, come si vede nella traduzione letterale del *Primo Passo* del Millhouse, è quasi sempre la stessa che nel nostro idioma.

Formata la nazione inglese dalla fusione dei due popoli antichi, il Sassone e li Normanno, i suoi vocaboli sono quasi tutti o francesi o tedeschi. — Lettore, sapete queste due lingue? — Sì. — Ebbene, procuratevi la quinta edizione del *Primo Passo*, studiatelo due ore al dì per dieci giorni senza maestro, e vi scommetto il mio staffile di Giornalista che l'undici voi intenderete i fogli inglesi. Sapete uno solo di cotesti idiomi? — Il sedici capirete quei giornali. Non sapete nè l'uno nè l'altro? — Intenderete quelli entro un mese. Bramate leggere la prosa poetica o la poesia? Comprate gli *Elegant Extracts in prose and poetry*, e col soccorso del dizionario grammaticale che l'accompagna, leggerete in pochi mesi da voi solo tutto questo volume di seicento pagine, e col mezzo di esso qualsiasi libro moderno. Volete pronunciare questa lingua? Prendete la quinta edizione della Grammatica, e, ove non vi garbi il prendere un maestro, portatela da un amico che sappia l'inglese; leggete con lui una mezz'ora la chiave dei suoni delle lettere segnate; studiate quei sette o otto segni i quali, come le note della musica, richiamano i suoni, e poi leggerete, mercè queste cifre, la Grammatica, il *Primo Passo*, e la *Chiave dei Temi* senza che altri vi ajuti, giacchè le lettere mute essendo stampate con carattere corsivo, e quelle che si pronunciano essendo segnate con quelle cifre indicanti il modo di profferirle, la pronuncia dell'anglica favella, è in questi libri, resa facile quanto la nazionale. Bramate di parlare o scrivere la lingua? — Procuratevi i *Temi dialogati*, e in difetto di maestro, la *Chiave*. Letta una regola della Grammatica, scrivete il tema sulla medesima, poi correggetelo confrontandolo colla Chiave; e quando avrete ricopiato così i *Temi Sceneggiati*, comporrete in inglese correttamente e parlerete con speditezza.

Il *Corso graduato e completo*, il primo che si pubblicò in Italia, è, a parer nostro, il migliore che esista in Europa. Il *Primo Passo*, composto dei rudimenti della lingua e di una traduzione letterale dell'*English Narrator*, è un passo assai lungo; con esso si giunge a leggere a prima vista qualunque prosa ordinaria. La *Grammatica* è più metodica, più ragionata e più completa di tutte quelle che la precedettero. I precetti sono modelli di chiarezza e precisione; gli esempj brevi, pratici, spiccati. I quesiti di grammatica che tengono dietro ad ogni regola, sono di un gran giovamento; rendono ordinato lo studio, sforzando l'allievo ad impossessarsi perfettamente della regola che sta studiando, prima di inoltrarsi ad un'altra. I *Temi Sceneggiati*, la migliore delle opere dell'Autore, dovrebbero, ci pare, portare il motto *Docere ludendo*. In sole dieci pagine di essi ci sono

più lepidi e bellezze che non in tutti gli altri temi che si trovano in tutti i paesi d'Europa. E non sono meno pratici che festosi. Diversi da tutti gli altri, sono dialogati. Dialoghi in brevi parole, ma giucose, amene, frizzanti, sulle bizzarrie degli uomini, delle donne e delle cose di quasi tutti i paesi del mondo. E con questi frammischiate massime utili, osservazioni profonde e nobili sentimenti, dettati in quello stile schietto, rapido, ardimentoso che è proprio de' letterati inglesi. La *Chiave* ossia *Traduzione* (in inglese) dei *Temi Sceneggiati*, libro fatto per surrogare il maestro a coloro che studiano in villa, viene segnata coll'accento di prosodia, e colla pronuncia, a norma della *Grammatica del Primo Passo*, e del *Nuovo Dizionario*.

L'ultima edizione degli *Elegant Extracts*, ossia le migliori parole de' migliori Scrittori inglesi, è corredata di sessanta pagine di Osservazioni critiche sui principali autori britannici, scritte dal Compilatore; sessanta pagine di scelti dialoghi segnati coll'accento; venti pagine di lettere, e molti esercizi sulle regole difficili, composti di scelti proverbj ed aforismi. In questa parte del *Corso*, come in tutte le altre, tutto è graduato. Essa principia dalla prosa più facile della lingua e termina colla poesia più difficile. Sono spiegate tutte le parole del volume, e tutti i modi di dire; quelle con note a piè di pagina, e questi con cifre che additano le spiegazioni sulle pagine della parte teorica. Qualora per difetto di voci equivalenti italiane, riesca malagevole il dilucidare un vocabolo inglese, il Millhouse prende il suo allievo per mano e lo conduce alla sua fonte nella lingua dalla quale è scaturita, sia la tedesca, la latina, la francese o la spagnuola. Per quel che riguarda l'etimologia, questo *Corso* è il miglior libro che conosciamo.

Nei libri elementari sulle lingue, in generale, entra un oceano di parole e di frasi si pesca a stento un'idea. Qui fiori e frutti, salì ed aforismi incontra lo studente ad ogni piè sospinto. Nel *Temi* e nel *Passo* vi è molto di quello che piace perchè peregrino; negli *Elegant Extracts* vi è più di quello che piace perchè vero. Qui gran messe di cognizioni positive, di fatti importanti, di concepimenti profondi, di pensieri robusti, di quanto abbisogna per ammaestrare l'intelletto, sublimare il cuore, e rendere noma l'uomo.

Tempo fa due idee sgomentavano gl'Italiani dallo studio dell'inglese. La prima, inculcata a bello studio dai maestri interessati, che non si potesse mai pronunciare correttamente una sola parola inglese senza il loro soccorso; la seconda, innestata senza volerlo dagli antichi Grammatici inetti, che le regole del futuro e condizionale, i *shall* e *will*, *should* e *would*, slano un nodo gordiano che niuna mente umana non varrà mai a sciogliere. Ma fin dall'epoca della pubblicazione del *Corso Graduato e Completo* queste idee non esistono più; il Millhouse ha atterrato il drago che vietava l'entrata al giardino della letteratura del suo paese. Non si ha che ad aprire la sua *Grammatica* a pag. 43, a pag. 44 o a qualunque altra, per persua-

dersi che qualunque persona, presa una sola lezione, potrà indi acquistarsi da sè una pronuncia bastantemente buona; e non si ha che a leggere le regole del futuro e del condizionale, per toccar con mano che ogni fanciullo di dodici anni può intendere a prima giunta, e non può non intendere perfettamente queste due regole.

Cosicchè se noi non studiamo la lingua inglese, la colpa non è del Millhouse. Egli ci ha agevolato lo studio di essa, che non abbiamo facilitazione uguale a studiare verun'altra lingua. Col suo *Corso*, del quale ciascuna parte, completa in sè, si vende separatamente, egli ha messo l'inglese alla portata di tutti; da quello che non ha che cento centesimi a quello che ha cento franchi; da quello che si restringe a leggere i libri inglesi, a quello che cerca di scriverne; da quello che si accontenta di dire *How do you do?* a quello che vuol far dei discorsi nei *clubs* o nel Parlamento.

Ma gli sforzi del Millhouse non furono vani. I suoi libri si trovano per le mani di tutti. Corrono già per tutta Italia. Egli ne ha già pubblicato in sette anni trentadue mila (*) copie (Vedi *La Fama* del 49 febbrajo scorso). Ove un Italiano un tempo studiava l'inglese, dieci oggi lo studiano. Un gran numero dei Nobili e dei Negozianti lo sanno. Migliaja di coloro che anni sono leggevano Byron e Scott nelle traduzioni, ora li leggono nell'originale. Nè si ha a meravigliare; dappoichè chi, potendo sì presto pervenire a leggere l'originale, vorrebbe leggere una traduzione? Chi, avendo sì facile accesso alla fonte, vorrebbe dissetarsi da lungi all'intorbidato rigagnolo? Chi, potendo montare alla sommità di un sereno lucidissimo, vorrebbe soffermarsi giù nella valle abbujiata da folta nebbia?

Accennando i pregi di questi libri non vogliamo tacerne i difetti. Al principio della Grammatica, quinta edizione, l'Autore segna i suoni delle lettere co' numeri antichi, ed indi colle cifre nuove, sforzando così l'allievo a studiarli entrambi (**). In quest'edizione il trattato di pronuncia è più disteso che non in qualunque altra. Eppure in questa edizione nessun simile trattato era richiesto. Coteste cifre di nuova invenzione accompagnando l'allievo per tutto il volume, ed indicandogli il modo di profferire tutti i vocaboli inglesi, gli risparmiavano ogni studio preliminare, fuori quello della tavola dei suoni, la chiave delle lettere segnate.

Da più anni l'Autore ci va promettendo un dizionario colla pronuncia segnata, libro di cui l'Italia e l'Inghilterra sentono ambidue il bisogno. Vediamo che esso è ora in corso di stampa (***). Questo è un lavoro che richiede molta pazienza e molta attenzione. Ma non dubitiamo del risultato. I libri che abbiamo sott'occhio, e che sono un monumento di pazienza non meno che di ingegno, ce ne sono mallevadori.

X.

(*) Adesso (Novembre 1851) sono settantasette mila.

(**) Questo difetto non esiste più. — Vedasi la prefazione della ottava edizione.

(***) Si è pubblicato il primo volume: il secondo verrà in luce fra pochi mesi.

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